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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 165.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 30, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

MISS WINNIFREDA YUILL

Whose engagement to Lord Portarlington has just been announced. An Australian by birth, she has been chaperoned for the past two or three seasons by the Dowager Lady Hay. Lord Portarlington, who is twenty-three, was lately in the Irish Guards

No. 165.—Vol. XIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

"Young Moore's Almanack, 1907." (Grant Richards: 1*s.* net.)
"Two Women and a Maharajah." By Mrs. C. E. Phillimore. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Two Forces." By E. Way Elkington. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"Poems of Life and Death." By G. K. A. Bell. (Routledge: 1*s.* net.)
"Rosalynde." By Thomas Lodge. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Jamaica." By John Henderson. (Black: 6*s.* net.)
"The Slave of Silence." By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"Clarice." By N. L. de Polen. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays." By the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. (Fisher Unwin: 16*s.* net.)
"A Midsummer Day's Dream." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Great Golfers in the Making." By Henry Leach. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Colonel of the Red Huzzars." By John Reed Scott. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"The Second Evil." By Sadi Grant. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"A Light-Hearted Rebellion." By John Langfield. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Luck of the Laird." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"Poems of Herrick." By H. C. Beeching. (Jack: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 30, 1907

The "new theology" of the Rev. R. J. Campbell has been so universally condemned that we suspect there must be something in it.

* * *

And the same may be said to apply to the "new diplomacy" of Sir A. Swettenham, Governor of Jamaica.

* * *

After all, it was our earthquake, not America's.

* * *

Mr. Haldane wired the thanks of the British nation to America for their help in Jamaica. So, oddly enough, did the Minister whose business it was to do so—Sir Edward Grey.

* * *

The Government has, at last, found out that Mr. Birrell has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland.

* * *

"It may be safely assumed," remarked the *Evening News*, "that Mr. Birrell will retain a place in the Cabinet." It is really marvellous how they manage to find out these things.

* * *

There has been founded an "Association for the Promotion of Flight." It will, we are glad to affirm, be auxiliary to aerial navigation, not crime.

* * *

"Vive l'Entente!"
The French tourist's arrival in England in the Tunnel Age
(By Wilfrid Grant)

The leading music-hall stars are striking, and so, great Cæsar, are the salaries which some of them have been paid (according to the *Daily Chronicle*).

* * *

We wonder, by the way, what sort of a cataclysm would follow if the managers agreed to dispense, once for all, with the services of the ladies and gentlemen in question, and run their shows as *music*-halls?

"The British Government," wrote the *New York Globe*, on the Jamaican Governor, "can be left to attend to the belabourment of its own donkey. Good manners suggest that we look the other way." We are glad to learn that a paper which uses such language about a distinguished British official is aware of the existence at all of such things as good manners.

* * *

"Oh, Prince and King of Advertising Wiles." Thus *John Bull* to Mr. H. E. Hooper, of the *Times*. "Prince of Wiles" is quite the best title he has yet been given.

* * *

The *Free Lance* announces a Great Tube Travellers' Competition. If the Tube traveller who occupied the two seats next to us the other day from Oxford Circus to the Marble Arch should enter, we have little doubt that he will win easily. He *was* a Great Tube traveller.

* * *

"The Tehuantepec Railway" was the somewhat alarming heading of some of last week's papers. We feared at first it was the attempted nickname for some new suburban tube, and were quite relieved to read that it is over in Mexico.

* * *

Facts

"*The Tubes are to be combined.*"—Daily Paper.
"*The Tubes are not to be combined.*"—Daily Paper (*next day*).

This is true enlightenment, not a human soul can doubt it,
Not a cynic for a moment can complain,
As you like it you may have it, or else may do without it,
If a striking bit of knowledge you would gain;
Heads are heads, and tails are tails, and we tell it to our sorrow,
Tails and heads are never heads and tails.
So if you don't believe us, come again, we'll try to-morrow,
Veritas est magna—and prevails!

One improvement might be mentioned, say, to put both facts together,
If we dare, indeed, as "facts" of them to speak,
Thus: "This January has been good (and also bad) in weather."
"(No) More Suffragettes have bothered us this week."
"The Bank Rate is (surp)rising," and the Kaiser is (fore)going
His (rip across the ocean.—Thus you find
That in a single sentence we might show good ground for knowing
That "The London Tubes are (not) to be combined."

To Ocean Travellers

Does your business or pleasure take you to Asia, Africa, America, or Australasia? If so, surely, in these days, when you never pick up a paper without reading of some harrowing disaster at sea, it is worth while noting that The Bystander now insures its readers for £1,000 against death by accident at sea. A six-months' subscription to the paper costs you under 15s. (14s. 1*d.*, to be correct), and you are covered for the full six months the subscription extends to, though you may be thousands of miles away from Great Britain's shores.

Polling for the Kaiser

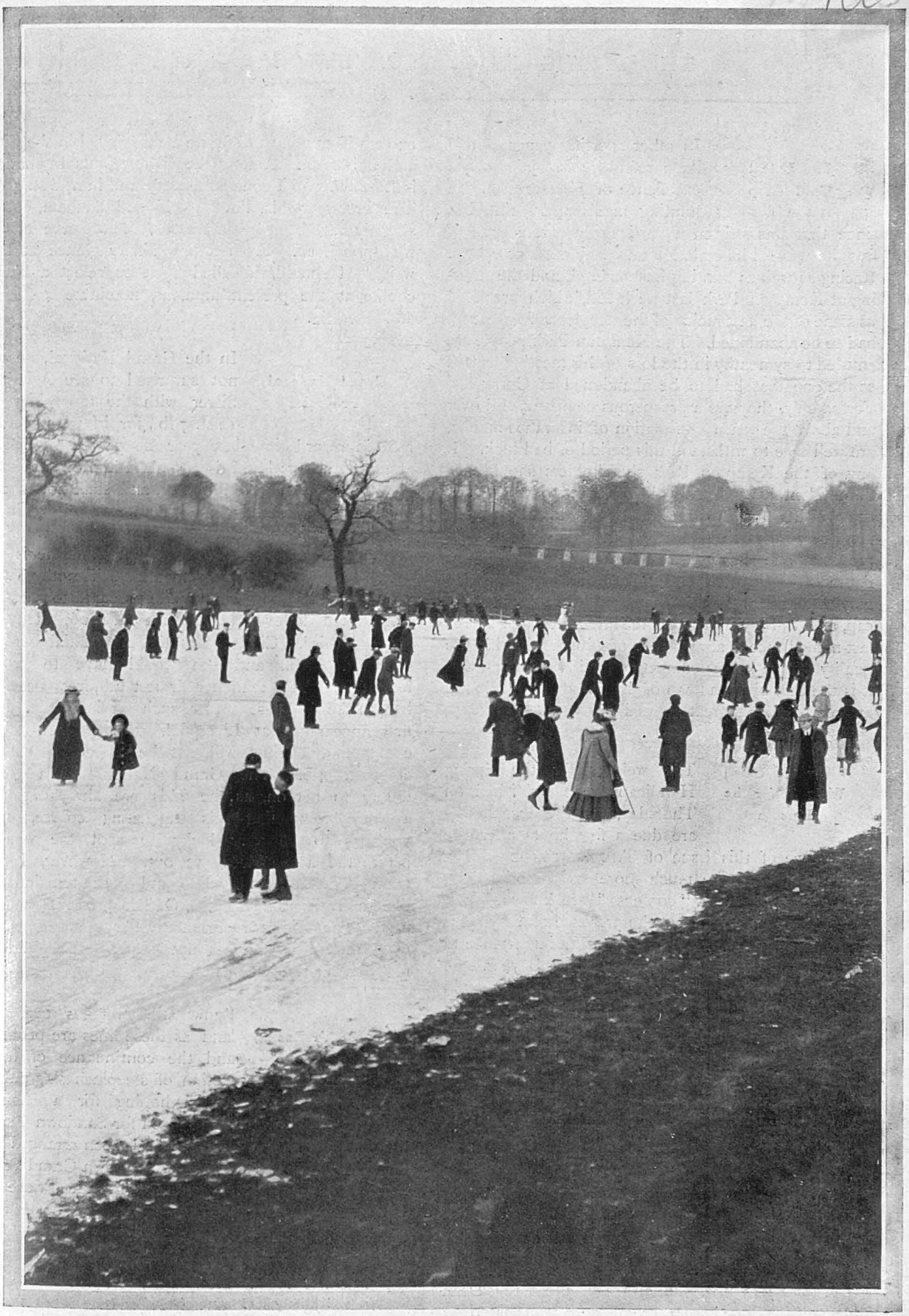
SCENES AT LAST FRIDAY'S HISTORIC ELECTIONS

A Veteran Voter Goes to the Poll: Herr Oppenheim, a well-known Berlin advocate

Prince Bülow supports himself!

The German Imperial Chancellor leaving his carriage to enter the polling-booth near the Wilhelmstrasse, at which, doubtless, he recorded his vote for his own policy—that which the electorate generally has endorsed by the wholesale defeat of the Socialists

King Frost's Brief Carnival



Skating at the Welsh Harp, "which is Hendon way"

Skating was general around London at the week-end, as the above photograph indicates. Accidents and immersions in the water were, however, frequent, though unattended by loss of life. At Wisley, near Ripley, a large number of skaters were immersed in the water, including many ladies, who, however, displayed great fortitude

RACING NOTIONS

THE SPRING HANDICAPS. BY "CARBINE"

The Latest Cold Snap

In other sporting pages of this issue reference is made to the excellence of January from the hunting man's standpoint, but since that was written a particularly severe spell of frost has placed its embargo on many outdoor sports. Racing as well as hunting has suffered, and the meeting at Kempton Park last week-end, which promised us some of the best racing of the steeplechasing season, had to be abandoned. The Kempton Park people are entitled to sympathy in the loss of this meeting as well as the one that had to be abandoned at Christmas. Fortunately, they are a prosperous company, and over and above the warm consolation of insurance-money, are well able to withstand this period of bad luck. If any of the Kempton Park shareholders should feel despondent just now, it will do them good to look at the weights for the Jubilee Stakes, for they make singularly attractive reading, and give promise of providing one of the greatest handicaps of the coming flat-racing season. The Jubilee, in fact, is immeasurably better off for "class" than the Lincolnshire Handicap, and I always think that the interest evoked by the last-named race is always out of proportion with the quality of the horses competing for it. The fact that it is the first big handicap of the season is, no doubt, answerable for its great popularity.

Weights for the Lincoln

The weights for the Spring Handicaps were published on Thursday, and the acceptances are due a few hours after the appearance of this issue of THE BYSTANDER. The various races can be much more satisfactorily dealt with when the actual "contents" are known, but it may at once be stated that the presence of Polymelus in the Lincoln gives to that event an importance to which it has not attained since Sceptre's year. Of course, Mr. Joel's horse is top-weight. Nobody could have expected otherwise. Even with the great burden of 9 st. 13 lb., which never has been carried successfully in the Lincoln, Polymelus is by no means out of it on his autumn form. Certainly Kaffir Chief could have no chance of beating him on their Cambridgeshire running, nor is His Eminence, who ran so brilliantly in that race, any better off at the weights. But Velocity has a distinct pull. Instead of giving Polymelus 4 lb., Velocity is now in receipt of 10 lb., and this difference must bring them exceedingly closely together. Believers in "classic" form will observe with interest that Picton and Prince William, second in the Derby and the St. Leger respectively, are weighted at 8 st. 5 lb. and 8 st. 3 lb. Ob, Dean Swift, and Roseate Dawn, are all advanced materially in the weights in consequence of their prominent running in this race last season, and of the three I have most faith in the Dean, who could win readily enough if caught in the form he displayed in the City and Suburban. Among the light-weights my fancy is Lovania, who I consider is very well in at 6 st. 4 lb. The three-year-olds, Fra Diavolo and Saxham, could scarcely have been better treated, and are sure to be well thought of. From a preliminary glance at the weights I should, if called upon to select a likely couple at the present moment, nominate **Velocity** and **Lovania**.

Grand National Prospects

In the Grand National, we are not surprised to see Ascetic's Silver with the top-weight of 12 st. 7 lb., for in winning this race in record time last year he proved himself a grand performer; but I do not place him on the same level as Cloister and Manifesto, and shall not expect to see him win under the weight carried by those celebrities. John M.P., last season's hot favourite, comes next to him; but I do not think he is an Aintree horse. I would rather have Timothy Titus and Aunt May, and I am quite prepared to see the last named do even better than in 1906, when she finished third. Cinders has the substantial burden of 11st. 10lb., and she would have to prove herself far better than her firmest admirers imagine her to be to score under such an impost on her first appearance at Liverpool. Perhaps her stable companion, Darine, will not be a bad substitute at 10st. 4lb. The Grand National is a great lottery to bet on, as the odds are always against a horse completing this exhausting course, and one has to be very lucky to spot the winner before the acceptances are out. However, I am taking Aunt May on my side, and of the remainder I like Rathvale, Extravagance, Oatlands, and Denmark best. The King's representative, Flaxman, gets in with 10st. 2lb., which is not much, if this horse is really as smart as he was once believed to be.

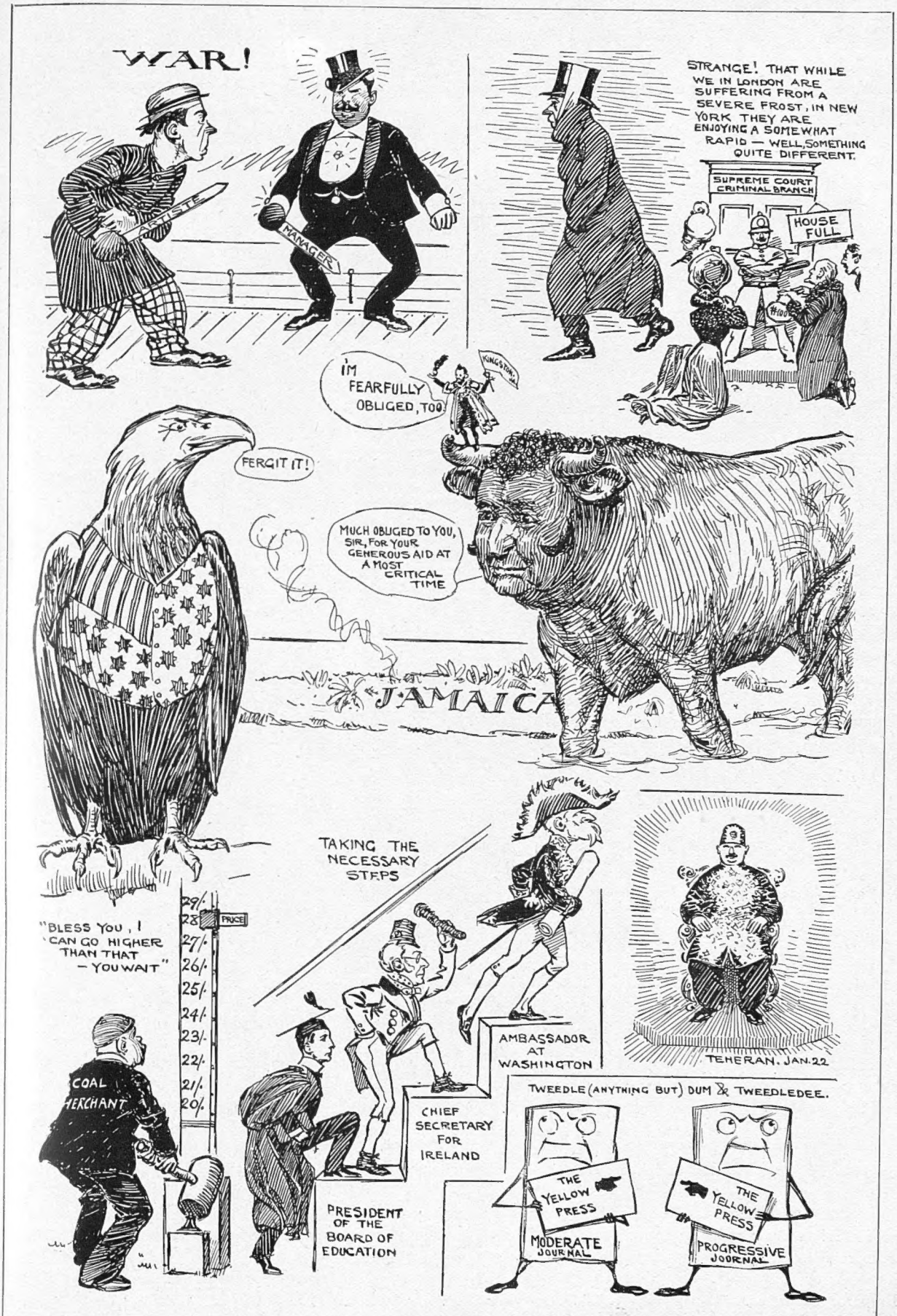
Next Week's Racing

Snow still stretches over the land as these lines are penned, and the continuance of frost renders an early resumption of steeplechasing rather doubtful. However, I am hoping for a change between now and the date fixed for Sandown Park, where an excellent programme has been arranged for this week-end. On Friday, the Sandown Grand Prize may be won by **Herbert Vincent**, and the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, on the following day, by **Judas**.

Arbroath Railway Disaster

This terrible railway accident, following so closely on Grantham, Salisbury, and many others, brings home to everyone the tragedy that stalks our lives whenever we travel. On a journey, by expending sixpence, you have your BYSTANDER to amuse you, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that (on signing the Coupon) you are insured for £2,000.

The Topictator



To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

A Wealth of Topics

In all conscience, the world has been treated to a wealth of topics during the last week, which, coming on top of a winter season of super-silliness and sterility, has been somewhat of a tax on our conversational powers—Jamaica, the Swettenham-Davis "incident," the German Elections, the Thaw Trial, the New Theology, the Music-hall War, the Municipal electioneering, and the sensational murder of Mr. Whiteley. Why, any one of these topics, coming singly, would have sufficed to fill the papers for a week a month ago.

* * *

The Kaiser's "Victory"

As to the German Elections, it is still, of course, largely a case of "We shall see." Though the results in 237 out of the 397 divisions of the Reichstag show that public opinion has deflected towards the "National" parties, and that the swing of the pendulum has, this time, gone against Social Democracy, there are still 160 seats to be decided by the "second ballot," as a result of which the "Reds" may rally. Talk of the "Kaiser's triumph," therefore, is a little "yellow." A blow has, certainly, been struck at the rising and dreaded power of Social Democracy, which is an abstract satisfaction to His Majesty. On the other hand, from the point of view of Party politics, the Election is practically a rebuff to the Kaiser, Bülow, and Dernberg. The immediate cause of the historic dissolution of the Reichstag on December 13 was the defeat of the vote for the Colonial Estimates, as a result of the action of the Catholic Centre. The dissolution was rather war against the "Blacks" than against the "Reds," and yet the "Blacks" have been returned to the Reichstag without the loss of a single seat. The Catholics hold, as in Bismarck's time, the trumps. As to the Socialists, it may or may not be a satisfaction to the Emperor to have secured their defeat by propitiation of the Radicals. His joy must correspond to that with which a Tory would greet the ousting of Mr. Keir-Hardie to the victory of—Mr. Lloyd-George.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The new Minister of Education

Mr. R. McKenna, who has succeeded to Mr. Birrell's arduous post, is one of the rising lights of the Liberal party, and a keen thinker and debater

* * *

Murder in Two Continents

After politics (if, indeed, one can allocate it a second place), Murder, with the capital M, absorbs the attention of two Continents: in America attention being morbidly focussed on the trial of Henry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White—in Britain, interest, not by any means morbid, concentrated on the extraordinary tragedy at Westbourne Grove and the antecedents of Mr. Whiteley's mysterious assailant. If money and lawyers can avail, the obviously degenerate son of a millionaire business man, Harry Thaw, will escape the full penalty of his crime, for his family have left no stone unturned to obtain the most astute counsel; while the neurotic temperament of the modern American has been worked upon to secure considerable sympathy for the accused man.

* * *

The Universal Provider

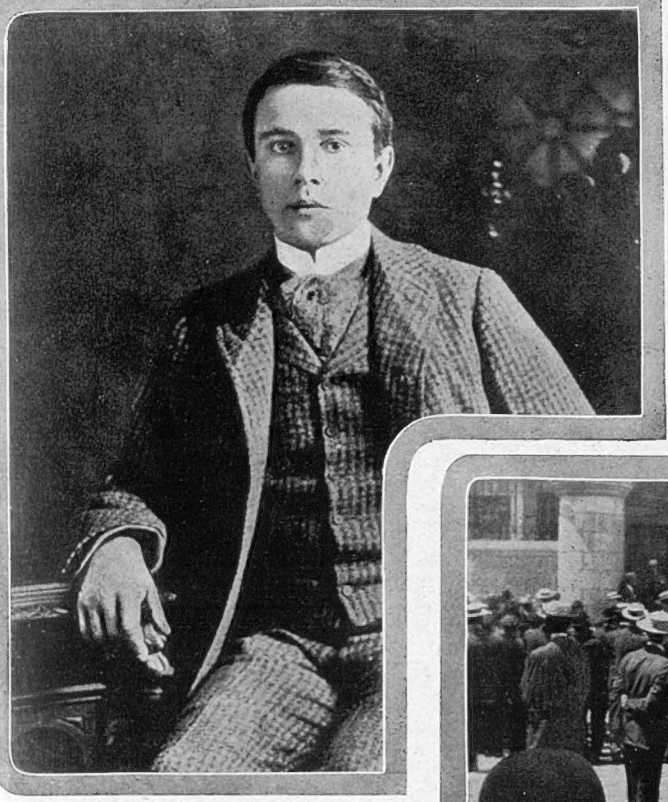
The dramatic death of Mr. William Whiteley has caused a profound sensation throughout England, for though the head of the great business house was not a public man—in fact, his personality was almost unknown—his name was a household one wherever the English language is spoken. He had climbed to prosperity from the very bottom rung of a very lowly ladder, and, on the way, justice, not mercy, had been his motto. In dealing with his assistants he never gave a character and he never required one, and though such Draconian methods must perforce make enemies, they proved successful in his hands. The pioneer of the London store, he married one of his own shop-girls, and the story of their separation in 1881 is still fresh in the memory. He employed something like six thousand souls, had a capital of nearly two millions, and made a yearly profit of a hundred thousand

The late Mr. William Whiteley

The "Universal Provider," who met with such a tragic end at the hands of a murderer last week, walking past the famous shop at Westbourne Grove in which he met his death

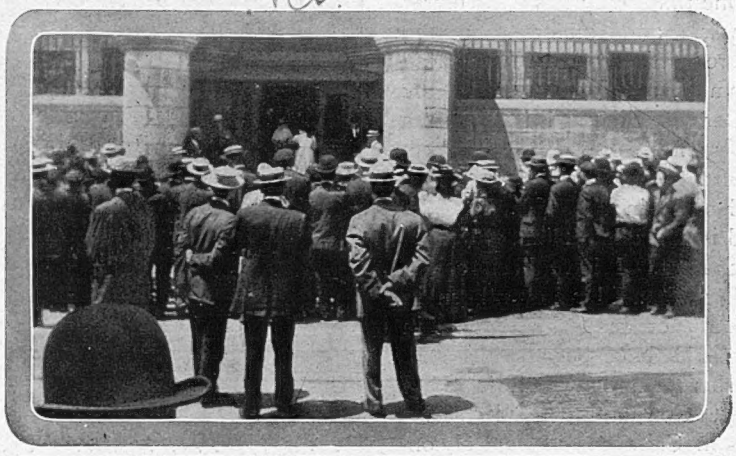
Harry Thaw on Trial

NEW YORK'S NEUROTIC INTEREST IN THE MILLIONAIRE PRISONER



Harry Thaw, the prisoner

He is described by an eye-witness of the trial as "the reverse of prepossessing. His forehead bulges over the right temple, his nose protrudes unevenly from the ocular orbit, and he has long, stringy hair, tinged with grey"



Outside the Tombs Prison, New York

Crowd of curiosity-mongers watching Mrs. Thaw passing inside to visit her husband during his incarceration there

Mrs. Thaw

Who has been watching the trial with the air of a frightened deer. Her loyalty to her husband during this period has won general admiration

Lady Yarmouth

Harry Thaw's favourite sister, who married Lord Yarmouth about three years ago. She has travelled to America especially for her brother's trial

Photo, Lady Yarmouth, Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street; others, Illustrations Bureau

The Season at Cairo

pounds. Born in 1831, he worked every day of his life from ten in the morning till seven at night, taking a month's holiday once a year. No smallest detail of his vast business was allowed to escape him. He was blessed with a memory almost abnormal in its retentiveness, and never forgot anything, least of all a face or a personality.

* * *

Egypt, the Refuge

One thing only has had power to warm and comfort us during the recent bitter weather. Those whom we habitually envy in the matter of climate have been as badly off as we ourselves. Worse, in fact. On the Riviera, in Paris, in Rome—in these places to be cold is to reach the limit of human discomfort. I have been colder in Paris than I have ever been in London or in Scotland, and in Naples I have been colder still. Further East, though a blizzard has swept Constantinople, it seems that in Cairo, meteorological conditions have been much as usual. If there has been no undue heat, there has been no undue cold, and the Eastern sun has never failed to do its duty. The Egyptian season, which began late, promises, unlike that of the Riviera, to end brilliantly. The hotels are fast filling up; by the end of the month, when the great and much-appreciated Khedivial Ball takes place in the Abdeen Palace, Cairo will be filled, as usual, to an uncomfortable overflowing.

* * *

English Visitors

At the Savoy, that most favoured of hotels, many well-known names are already inscribed in the visitors' book. Sir Ernest Cassel is there with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, and will adjourn later to Biarritz. Miss Balfour, Lord Edward Cecil, Mr. and Lady Valda Machell, Lady Tennant, Miss Mary Moore, and Sir Charles Wyndham are amongst the latest arrivals; while of those who have practically made Cairo their winter headquarters are Lord Rosslyn, the Grand Duke Boris, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. and Lady Muriel Beckwith, amongst many others. Lady Muriel is one of the four daughters of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. In 1904, she married Mr. William Mallebisse Beckwith, of the Coldstreams.

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Lady Muriel Beckwith

The daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who two years ago married Mr. William Mallebisse Beckwith, of the Coldstream Guards. She and her husband are now in Egypt

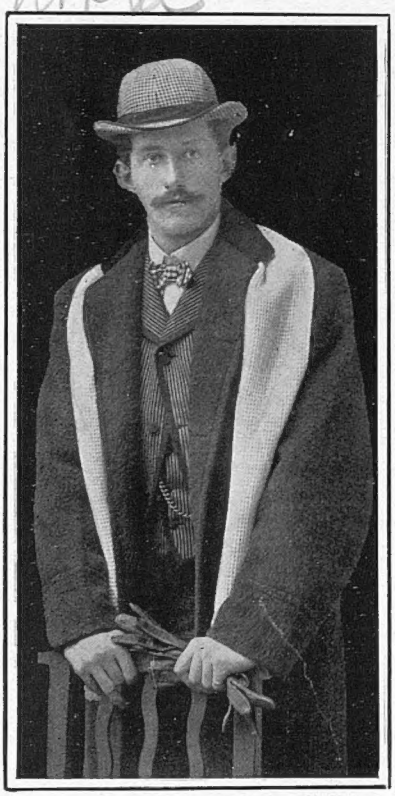


Photo Ellis and Walery

Lord Rosslyn

One of the fashionable party now at the Savoy Hotel, Cairo. He is a versatile peer, having been in turn actor, editor, war correspondent, and author

* * *

The Earl Versatile

At the Savoy, entertaining delightfully and enjoying himself thoroughly, is the "amazing peer," Lord Rosslyn. There is not much use for "systems" in Cairo, but then, when one is of so versatile a nature as is his lordship, one can enjoy life on a Continental holiday even without the tables. There is no end to Lord Rosslyn's versatility. He once himself confessed that he seldom knew what his next move would be, so how should his friends? The stage, once his only joy, he has now deserted—or did it desert him? Of editing Society journals, he tired quickly, and there are, fortunately, no wars just now at which he can act as war correspondent. His experiences as secretary to the Secretary for Scotland were short, and, whether sweet or not, gave him apparently no taste for the life political or diplomatic. Twice the god Hymen has caught him, and once, by divorce, it has released him. (His book, entitled "Twice Captured," however, refers to the war in South Africa, and not to his matrimonial experiences.) In his last marriage he carried to practical lengths his love for things histrionic by making Miss Anna Robinson, a beautiful and successful American actress, his Countess. In appearance he bears a strong family likeness to his sisters, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Westmorland, and Lady Angela Forbes.

* * *

Earthquake Nerves

The regrettable misunderstanding which unfortunately arose between the British Governor of Jamaica and the American Admiral was probably due equally to the disordered nerves of the Governor and to the officiousness of the gallant Admiral Davis. Sir Alexander Swettenham, strong man though he is, had survived the horrors and the shocks of an appalling

The Weirdness of H. C. Sandy

THE SPOONIES

The Spoonie-men are roosting,
Bluesome shines the moon,
Damsels come to court them,
And catch them in a spoon

BY H. C. SANDY

First an Earthquake—Then an "Incident"

calamity. The American Admiral arrived on the scene spruce and spry, bursting to do deeds of derring-do, full of energy and capability, and with no nightmare of earthquake wreaking its dire effect on his nerves. His arrival, merry and bright, with three warships, stores, men, and hospital appliances, might well have provoked to certain irritation a being more saintly than a British Governor already smarting under the non-arrival of a single British warship. Without the formality of asking the Governor's leave, therefore, he landed blue-jackets from the *Missouri* and the *Indiana*, and flitted airly about with a characteristic energy and decision, not to say aggressiveness, which was scarcely calculated to soothe the much over-wrought nerves of the man at the wheel.

* * *

Sir Alexander Swettenham

The Governor of Jamaica, too, is not a man much given to those honeyed words which are "men's daughters." Things, which are "God's sons," concern him more nearly. Hence, perhaps, the fact that he is not, or was not during his late Governorship of British Guiana, exactly overburdened with popularity. Really good administrators seldom are. He took over the Governorship of the Colony in 1901, at a time when its outlook, financially and otherwise, was of the gloomiest possible description. By a rigid application of his principles, and by a judicious weeding out of incapable officials, he won his way to a satisfactory settlement of British Guianan affairs, and, at the same time, to a reputation for a certain grimness of action which is also the attribute of another great servant of Empire, Lord Kitchener. Sir Alexander's marriage to Miss Mary Copeland, of Kebblestone Hall, Staffordshire, took place in Kingston eighteen months ago, about a year after he became Governor of Jamaica. Lady Swettenham and her sister, Miss Copeland, are doing yeoman service in the hospitals, where, as cooks, their timely aid is much appreciated.

* * *

"Fighting Bob"

The other American Admiral concerned in this regrettable incident is Rear-Admiral Robley Evans, who gained his soubriquet of "Fighting Bob" in the Spanish-American War. He came to the fore while in command of the *Yorktown* at Valparaiso some sixteen years since, when relations between Chili and the United States were somewhat strained. In the Spanish-American War he was prominently concerned in the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and he commanded the *Iowa* when Admiral Sampson's fleet was off Santiago.

Photo *Boissonas and Taponier*

Rear-Admiral Davis

Second in command of the American ships which went to the relief of Jamaica, and who had a regrettable misunderstanding with the Governor of the Island, Sir Alexander Swettenham

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Alfred Jones

The head of the Elder, Dempster Steamship Line, who was in Kingston at the time of the earthquake

Photo *Press Picture Agency*

Rear-Admiral Robley Evans

Usually known as "Fighting Bob," in chief command of the American squadron at Havana

* * *

An Optimistic Banana King

But the man upon whom the Kingston disaster will weigh most heavily is, perhaps, Sir Alfred Jones. He stands out, in all its painful history, as the man who, even on the spot, was able still to take an impersonal view, and to declare, with Sir James Crichton-Browne and, on a similar and earlier occasion (that of the catastrophe at Quebec in 1845), Harriet Martineau, that an earthquake may prove, after all, a blessing in disguise, and that the material resources of the island remain intact. And yet, Sir Alfred, of all others, might well see nothing but disaster in the visitation. The development of Jamaica was his heart's desire. For years, as head of the great firm of Elder, Dempster and Co., and President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, he has, each winter, taken to Jamaica, as his guests, and on one of the ships of his line, people of wealth and influence, whose possible interest in the island could augur nothing but its future prosperity. Commercially, his connection with the West Indies has resulted, to take one instance only, in the birth of what is now an enormous industry—the banana traffic. Twenty years ago the banana, now the commonest of fruits, was an almost unknown quantity in England. To-day, £900,000 is the estimate value of the annual exports of bananas from Jamaica to this country, and the demand increases daily.

* * *

The Casualties of Lord "K."

Fortunately, the accident which befel Lord Kitchener during the recent manœuvres outside Poona proved to be of no serious moment. His horse, falling into a carelessly bridged trench some

The First Lady of Jamaica

Photo *Thomson*

Lady Swettenham, wife of Sir Alexander Swettenham, the Governor of Jamaica

As Miss Mary Copeland, of Kebblestone Hall, Stafford, Lady Swettenham married the Governor of Jamaica at Kingston eighteen months ago. Lady Swettenham and her sister are doing yeoman service in the hospitals, both as nurses and cooks

Lord "K." on His Travels

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Percy Girouard

Who has been appointed "temporarily" to succeed Sir Frederick Lugard as Governor of Nigeria

14 ft. deep, rolled over him, but Lord Kitchener remained unhurt. His companion, General Richardson, was not so fortunate, and broke his collar-bone. This is the second accident which has befallen the Commander-in-Chief during his term of office in India; but Lord Kitchener has never had less than his fair share of these unpleasant visitations. The peculiar appearance of those cold, blue eyes of his is accentuated by the fact that the right orb was permanently injured by the explosion of a mine at Chatham many years ago. In the immovable, square jaw of "Money-Down Kitchener" a bullet from Suakim is still and fixedly embedded. His leg he fractured badly when he first arrived in India as Commander-in-Chief. Malaria is not unknown to him. Only his heart, apparently, remains intact and invulnerable.

* * * *

A Popular Colonial Governor

The announcement of the extension of Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson's term of office as Governor of Cape Colony has been received with great satisfaction in Cape Town, where both he and his wife have many friends and admirers. Sir Walter is the second son of the fourth Earl of Donoughmore. The last earl, the fifth, was his elder brother, and the present earl is his nephew. Sir Walter's connection with South Africa dates back eight years, to the time when he inaugurated the system of responsible government in Natal. Twenty-five years ago, Sir Walter was Colonial Secretary at Barbadoes, since when he has been successively Governor of Malta, of the Windward Islands, and of Natal. Like Lady Swettenham to-day in Jamaica, Lady Hely-Hutchinson nursed the sick and the wounded during the Boer War, and, in addition to the manifold duties of her position, has found time to publish a rather nice little story, entitled "Monica Grey."

A snapshot of Lord Kitchener

Leaving his carriage at Raxaul Station. His horse fell during the recent manœuvres, but, luckily, "K. of K." escaped injury

Lord Strathcona's Successor

If, as is widely prophesied, Sir Frederick W. Borden, K.C.M.G., B.A., M.D., LL.D., P.C. (and a few more of the same which space prohibits), is to succeed Lord Strathcona as Commissioner for Canada in London, we shall have a fisherman in England as enthusiastic in that reflective pursuit as even the Duke of Rutland. It is said that the Canadian river which has not been fished by Sir Frederick has yet to be found, and that a tooth-brush, fishing-tackle, and Sir Frederick often set off together on piscatorial expeditions weeks in duration. Starting life as a doctor, Sir Frederick became, first, surgeon to the 68th Battalion "King's County" Militia, and, then, Surgeon-Colonel of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. He has been elected eight times to Parliament, meeting with defeat but once. I should not omit to add that he is also a man who has much music in his soul.

* * *

Nigeria's New Governor

Sir Percy Girouard, the man who has been appointed to succeed, "temporarily," Sir Frederick Lugard in the Government of Northern Nigeria, is a French-Canadian. Not yet forty, but with a brilliant career, indomitable energy, and great constructive ability to recommend him, it would be difficult to find a better man than Sir Percy to undertake the difficult, dangerous, and disheartening task of governing Northern Nigeria. Nearly fifteen years ago, Colonel Girouard attracted the attention of Lord Kitchener, then Sirdar, in Egypt. He was appointed chief constructor of the Soudan railway, and this railway, without which the Soudan could not have been reconquered, he completed within the time specified and for £200,000 less than the estimate. On the outbreak of the South African War, Lord Kitchener had not been a week in Africa before he telegraphed for Sir Percy. The plans for the secret move to the Modder River were known only to the great railway constructor, to Lord Roberts, and to Lord Kitchener, and it was left to Sir Percy to solve what proved to

Photo *Vandyk*

Sir W. F. Hely-Hutchinson

Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Cape of Good Hope, whose term of office has just been extended

Do We Want a Channel Tunnel?

Anyhow, until we *get* it, we must brave the Channel crossing and avail ourselves of THE BYSTANDER'S £1,000 Sea Accident Assurance (see Page ii. of cover).

Alice Meets the White Rabbit

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Youngest of Young Playwrights

be the greatest problem of the South African War—the transportation of men and stores. Indeed, according to the official history of the war, it was the wonderful railway organisation of the new Commissioner of Nigeria which ultimately brought that weary war to its tardy conclusion.

* * *

A Youthful Playwright

Lady Kathleen Hastings, whose photograph has been very kindly sent me by her mother, Lady Huntingdon, is probably the youngest playwright in existence. Though only fourteen, I am told that the play written by her, and performed at the recent Royal house-party at Madeley, was a really promising production. The little dramatist herself took part in the performance, and the other members of the cast included Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and Count Michael Torby, the eldest son of the Grand-Duke Michael, who, with his wife, the Countess Torby, and his family, was present at the performance. Lady Kathleen is the eldest child of a family which includes two other daughters and a little son, Viscount Hastings, and is not the first of the precocious daughters of Society to enter the ranks of juvenile playwrights. At about the same age, Lady Marjorie Gordon, now Lady Marjorie Sinclair, the daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, produced a play, in which her father acted, and which was also voted a success. Since then, however, Lady Marjorie has abandoned the joys of dramatic authorship for the more serious pursuit of politics.

Society's youngest playwright

Lady Kathleen Hastings, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Lady Huntingdon, who wrote and acted in a piece performed at the recent Royal house-party at Madeley

* * *

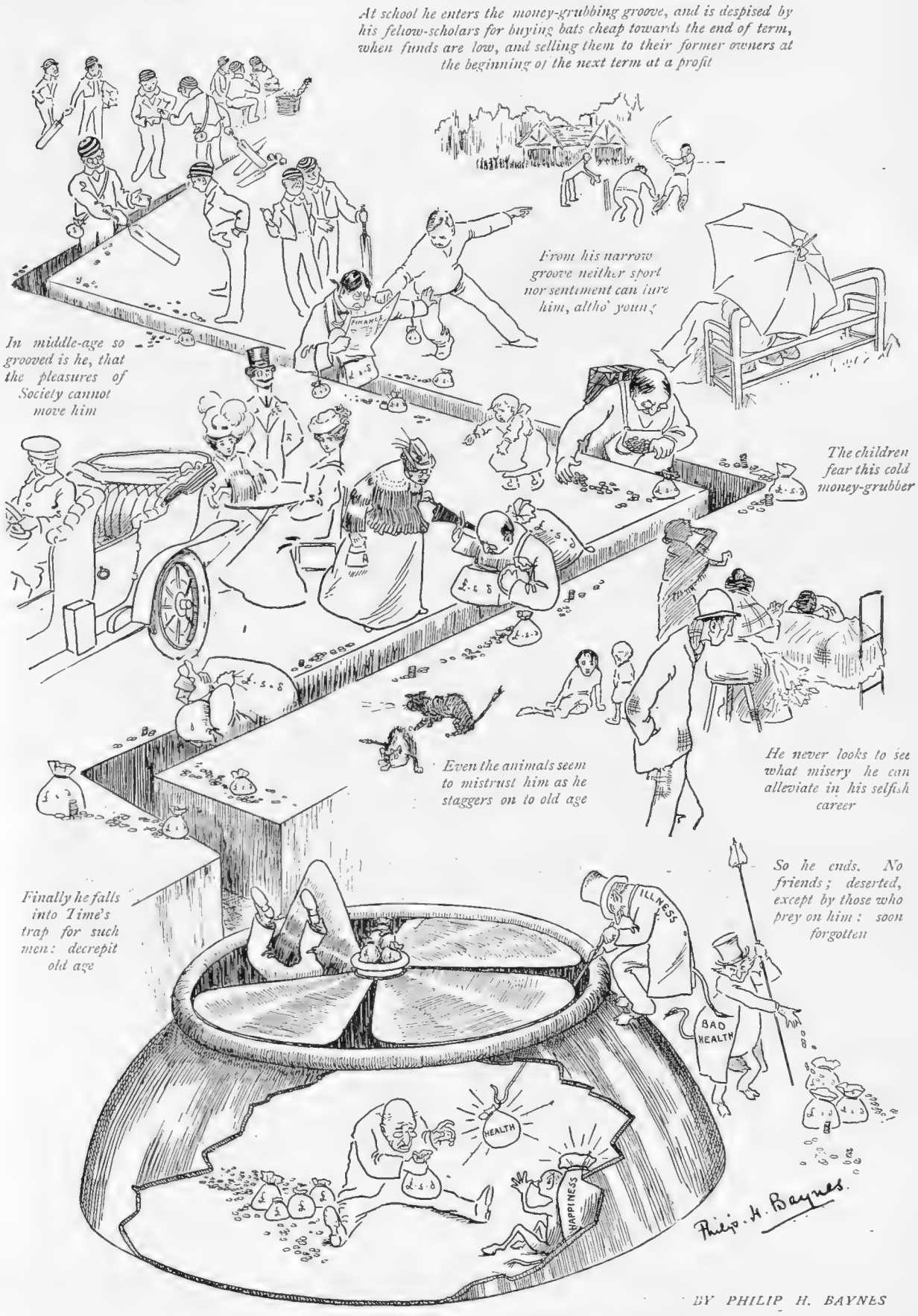
The Royal Amateur Society

I am asked by Lady Maxwell-Lyte to announce that the annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society will be held at Hyde Park House (by permission of Lady Naylor Leyland), from March 7 to 10 inclusive. All particulars can be had from the Honorary Secretary, the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, at 38, Rutland Gate. The Loan Section of the exhibition will consist mainly of engravings in line, stipple, and mezzotint of beautiful children, English, Scotch, and Irish. Those who possess any such engravings and would be willing to lend them are asked to communicate with the Hon. Sybil Legh, 10, Sloane Square, S.W.

Photo] **A Veteran Polo Player: The Earl of Harrington** *[Elliott and Fry*

Lord Harrington, some years ago, attracted attention by opening a fruit shop near Charing Cross. He is now about to attract more attention by closing it

The Groove of the Money-Grubber



BY PHILIP H. BAYNES

A PAGE WITH A STRONG MORAL PURPOSE

DIRECTIONS FOR THE READER.—Begin at the top left-hand corner, following the groove's zig-zag course to the bottom centre, imbibing, as you proceed, the invigorating moral lesson contained in the letterpress (kindly supplied by the artist). You should be better for this!

England's Famous Spa

WILL TUNBRIDGE WELLS AGAIN BECOME THE RENDEZVOUS OF FASHION?

Photo *Photochrom*

Looking down the Pantiles from the Pump-room

In order to try once again to restore to Tunbridge Wells the position it held during the eighteenth century as the rendezvous of wealth and fashion, the Corporation is trying to acquire the property surrounding the chalybeate spring, to which the town owes its fame, and which is situated on property belonging to the Lord of the Manor, Mr. Frank O. Baird

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GARRICK THEATRE

"Macbeth"

To judge by two items of theatrical intelligence recently to hand, Mr. Bourchier has found a public for his Shakespeare revivals. His production of *Macbeth* is going into the evening bill, and he is contemplating the revival shortly either of *King Lear* or *Much Ado About Nothing*. This intelligence is pleasing. Mr. Bourchier has approached Shakespeare with reverence — almost with diffidence. He has not, like other managers, made a splash with Shakespeare, but has bided his time and commenced his series of revivals in a tentative way with matinées now and again. Mr. Tree's productions of Shakespeare are magnificent. Mr. Bourchier's are best qualified by the adjective, interesting. The Garrick manager makes no attempt to serve Shakespeare with trimmings. He does not gorge the people with a feast of beauty. His *mise-en-scène* is modest. It suffices for those who are content with Shakespeare's imagination, and do not clamour for the imagination of his producers.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Ruth Argent

A promising young actress, who is at present understudying Miss Connie Ediss in *The New Aladdin* at the Gaiety. She has also played with great success in pantomime, making a decided hit in *Little Red Riding Hood* at the New King's Theatre, Glasgow, last year

A New Public for Shakespeare

Wilson Barrett claimed for *The Sign of the Cross* that it attracted a class which rarely, if ever, entered the theatre. It would seem as if Mr. Bourchier, also, were in the way of creating a new public, viz., those who think Shakespeare should be expressed in terms of players and not in terms of painters. I am writing on the morning after witnessing the Garrick production of *Macbeth*, yet cannot recollect even the general colour-scheme of a single "set." Lady Macbeth, Macbeth, and Macduff so fill the mind that they have crowded out the scenery; Lady Macbeth looms largest of the trio. She appears, and at once stamps an impression. She fears for her husband's nature, but has no doubt of her own ability to pour her spirits in his ear, and fit him for his new greatness.

Pictures of Lady Macbeth

I can see her recoil with contempt at his wavering, and adjure him to screw his courage to the sticking place (not "point," ye legion of misquoters). The scene changes (from which scene to what another I know not). But again Lady Macbeth appears. She is waiting for her husband to come and tell her that the murder is accomplished. He appears, pallid and stricken. "Macbeth shall sleep no more." She scorns him that he thinks so brainsickly of things, and bids him wash the filthy witness from his hand. Then enters the chamber to smear the grooms with blood—the finishing touches of the deed. Another change. Lady Macbeth is Queen. Enter the moody, conscience-stricken King. Once again she heartens him, bidding him be bright and jovial among his guests. Through the banquet the eye follows her as she makes excuses for her husband's terrors. Last (and sleep-walking) scene of all. A picture of Lady Macbeth in white, with unseeing eyes, and her wonderful red-gold hair tumbling over her shoulders. In our ears the dirge of her voice, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Yes, after the Garrick production, one came away obsessed by the performance of Miss Violet Vanbrugh. Her acting is on a high plane. She not only reaches, but sustains, the tragic note. The actress has that power without which it were impossible to give even a creditable reading of Lady Macbeth. She has imagination. And the actresses who have cultivated their imagination to the extent Miss Vanbrugh has may be told off on the fingers of one hand. Her Lady Macbeth ranks very high among the fine performances of recent years. We all have our ideal of Shakespeare's great characters. If I may so express it, Miss Vanbrugh raised my ideal of Lady Macbeth a notch or two.

Mr. Bourchier gives us a very interesting portrait

of Macbeth; but we should have liked a Macbeth with more "nerves" and less assurance. We do not ask for stage trickery, such as twitching muscles and palsied limbs; but we do want to be impregnated with the same imaginings which haunted Macbeth. Mr. Bourchier, while holding the interest, does not arouse the horror of his audience. Mr. Cyril Keightley did very well in Macduff's great scene, where he learns of the fate which has overtaken his wife and children. Mr. Sydney Valentine and Mr. Leveson Lane gave impressive studies of Banquo and Duncan.

APOLLO THEATRE

"The Stronger Sex"

Mr. John Valentine, a new playwright, has written a very creditable play — though his material is old. Judge for yourself. On the day of her marriage, a young wife, Mary Thorpe, learns that her husband, the Hon. Warren Barrington, has married her for her money. He is in love with Joan Forsyth, whom he was too poor to marry. Mary, a shy, shrinking maid in the presence of such as the terrible Mrs. Van Garkerken, has a strong will of her own. She has ridden fiery mustangs over the boundless plains. Her cousin, Oliver Thorpe, vouches for her spirit. Everyone else thinks she has made a bad bargain in her marriage.

Herr Nikisch, the famous Hungarian conductor, who made his London *début* in the direction of Wagner Opera in *Tristan und Isolde*, on the 15th inst., to the unanimous praise of the critics

A Quick-Change Wife

Directly the newly married couple are settled in their house, the supposed timid wife develops a surprising aptitude for business and sarcasm. Rudely, but with a distinct sense of humour, she twits her husband upon his dependent position. By the way, the introduction of a marriage settlement would have upset most of the business in the second act. He attempts to browbeat her, and loses every time. When he breaks a valuable chair she mildly suggests he should break something more within his means. In an interview with two too comic money-lenders, she is more than a match for them. But the husband gets more and more out of hand. He comes in slightly "under the influence," and in a moment of passion would strike her. She points a revolver at his head. Curtain—and an excellent curtain. A year passes. The tamed husband learns to love his wife. In Act III., after some very trite misunderstandings, the couple are reconciled.

Upon such a scenario very many budding playwrights would have constructed very many indifferent plays. Mr. John Valentine is the shining exception. He has written a good play, because he has a very pretty wit, the knack of drawing clear-cut characters—above all, the sense of the theatre. The revolver episode is a case in point. Badly led up to, this scene would have fallen very flat. The house rose at it.

Concerning the Players

Miss Marie Illington, in the excellently written character of Mrs. Van Garkerken with the terrible tongue, was the backbone of the piece. To her fell the best lines, and they were delivered in Miss Illington's inimitable incisive manner. Miss Nina Boucicault, too, as the young wife, had some good things to say. She was most of service in the last act, which was weak, for the reason that the playwright had come to the end of his tether. Mr. Leonard Boyne was effective, in a staccato fashion, as the tamed husband. Mr. Paul Arthur played the *insouciant* cousin in an *insouciant* manner. Miss Lilian Braithwaite was quite artless in the rôle of a very ordinary maiden bristling with conventions.

E. C. S.

PALACE THEATRE

The Pantomime Season always robs the Halls of much of their talent, and I suppose this must serve as an excuse for the, with one or two exceptions, very poor entertainment I witnessed at the Palace the other evening. The first five items on the programme may be passed over without any other comment than that they might do very well in a small provincial theatre — at the Palace they seemed altogether out of place. Alexandre, the bird imitator, however, is really very clever, and he gave imitations of many birds, from the sparrow to the nightingale. The Palace girls came next with new songs and dances. They were followed by the McBans, who performed some very clever and, better still, *original* juggling. Then came Chirgwin, who, I think, must have been rather off colour on this particular evening. At any rate, he failed to make much impression. R. A. Roberts made some marvellous quick changes in his sketch, *Ringing the Changes*. Princess Trixie is undoubtedly a clever animal, but trick animals at the music-hall do not appeal to me. Miss Margaret Cooper gave some songs at the piano which seemed to be appreciated. Little Tich did not appear until 11.10, when everybody was preparing to go home, but he was as grotesquely funny as ever. One of the best things in the programme was the Intermezzo, "Melodious Memories," by the orchestra.

R. M.

Somnambulism on the Stage

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Lady Macbeth (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) in the Sleep-Walking Scene in "Macbeth" at the Garrick Theatre

GENTLEWOMAN: Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close
DOCTOR: How came she by that light?
GENTLEWOMAN: Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command
DOCTOR: You see, her eyes are open
GENTLEWOMAN: Ay, but their sense is shut

CONTINENTAL CHAT

New Year Visits

January, in Paris, is a month to which many people look forward with annoyance rather than pleasure. It is the time when New Year visits have to be paid, for convention demands that all sorts and conditions of men shall, at least, exchange greetings, and bid one another "*au revoir*" till the same time next year. Fortunately, etiquette does not frown when these duty-calls only last a few minutes; many of them are so uninteresting. "*Bon jour*" and "*au revoir*" are quite admissible—in fact, the shorter the visit the more one's acquaintances seem to appreciate it.

Have you ever noticed how smartly dressed Parisians are in January? Although many of them are driving, it is true, their *toilettes* can be seen as they step in and out of their carriages, and even those who are walking are both elegant and neat, two qualities which are rarely seen in combination, except in Paris.

It is surprising to see these smart persons still in the Gay City. Other years they have fulfilled their Society duties long ere this, and taken their departure to the Land of the Sun. At present, they seem to be putting off the evil moment as long as possible, and I am sure, if they listened to the dictates of their own inclinations, they would stay at home. "Many important persons are announced to come every day," a Riviera correspondent tells me, "but it takes them a long time to arrive."

* * *

The Much-Discussed "Chunnel"

The Channel Tunnel is a subject which has succeeded in catching the passing interest of Parisians, and, strange to say, except for a few English naval and military men, both nations seem in favour of it. Sir Thomas Barclay, zealous apostle of the *Entente Cordiale* (for which he obtained his title), simply gloats over the idea. "It is a necessity which the two nations can no longer do without," he says. "Setting

The Centre of Last Week's Historic Election Scenes: Unter den Linden, Berlin

The "Imperial" thoroughfare of the Kaiser's capital, leading from the Royal Palace to the Thiergarten. It is the Kaiser's highway when he makes his retreat to Potsdam, or other of his Palaces, and is, architecturally, a noble thoroughfare, though, arboreally, only ordinary

aside the most general objection, War, which is out of the question for at least four generations, think of the great commercial advantages we should gain." Seeing, however, that I was by no means convinced, Sir Thomas tried another course. "Can you not imagine how delightful it will be for a lady to be able to shop in Paris at least once a week," he continued. "In a few years this programme will be the order of the day: 'Mamma, I shall be lunching in Paris to-morrow; do you mind if I'm a little late for dinner?'" But with all due respect to the ideas of Sir Thomas Barclay, I confess to sharing the fears of the naval and other pessimists as to the folly of prejudicing the security of our "island home," even if only by a tunnel linking us to the mainland. The *Entente Cordiale* has bound us as closely to our nearest neighbour as is good for either nation. What is the use of allowing each nation to lose its characteristics; of making London as cosmopolitan as Paris, and its inhabitants neither French nor English?

* * *

The Whistler Bust

M. Auguste Rodin, the eminent sculptor, is busily working at his bust of Whistler, which is to be exhibited shortly in London. As Whistler is no longer here to pose as a model, and the great sculptor objects to chisel his marble except from life, our painter is taking the form of a Muse. As soon as he is draped, I am to have the honour of making his acquaintance. M. Rodin is leaving Paris for Athens at the end of March, when he is to be the guest of the King of Greece. Many of the persons in his *atelier* the other afternoon were envying him; but honours of this kind do not appeal to a man whose heart and soul is in his work. "For twenty-five years I laboured unknown and alone in Belgium," he said, "in order to obtain my small amount of fame. As I have yet so much to do, I have scarcely time to devote to Court etiquette. King George's kindness, however, has greatly touched me, and I have accepted because I know he understands I am going to Athens to spend the greater part of my time in museums and art galleries."

Photo *Russell.*

For Paris some day?

Sir Nicholas O'Conor, our present Ambassador at Constantinople, who is now in England over the business of Turkish Reform. Rumour designs him, one day, for the Paris Embassy, so popular and able a diplomat is he

* * *

The Earring Fashion

Many persons hoped that when "Princess" Alice Roosevelt became plain Mrs. N. Longworth, she was about to abdicate. But no! At present she seems as powerful as ever. A short time ago, she decreed that long earrings, with pendants quite an inch in diameter, should be worn. She adorned herself with these jewels, attended a public function, and now smart America has followed her example. One woman in a hundred can wear these ornaments. Provided she be of the Oriental type, they are becoming, and, I feel sure, "Princess" Alice must now be sorry for her inspiration.

Off to the Riviera?

Then on no account brave the dangers of the deep without THE BYSTANDER and its £1,000 Sea Accident Assurance.

The Summer Quarters of the British Embassy at Constantinople: Therapia

(Where the British Ambassador and suite are *not* at present in residence, the cold in Constantinople being intense)

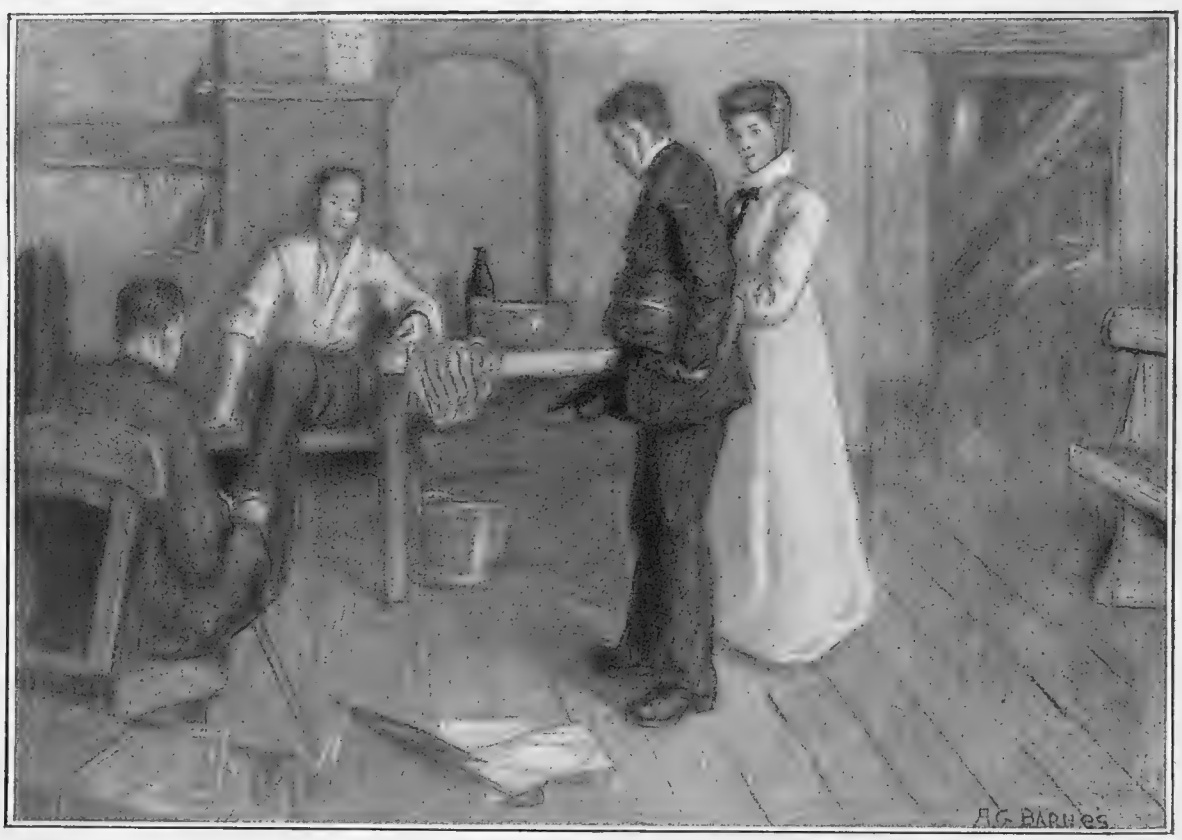
A Future Paris Ambassador

Sir Nicholas and Lady O'Conor have been staying in Paris on their way to London. Our Ambassador at Constantinople has presented to the Foreign Office a full report of the desired reforms in the Turkish Customs, reforms, it is said, that have been received with general satisfaction. Sir Nicholas and his charming wife are immensely popular in Constantinople; they receive a great deal in the summer quarters at Therapia, on the shores of the Bosphorus. With the exception of M. Paul Cambon, no Ambassador has been more popular in Turkey. "If a man is able to deal successfully with Turks," a Frenchman once told me, "then he may safely tackle the British." And I think the same remark might be made about the French. M. Paul Cambon was sent to London. I wish that Fate would bring Sir Nicholas O'Conor to Paris. Mrs. Leishman, wife of the United States Ambassador to the Porte, has announced her intention of receiving once a week throughout the season. If Lady O'Conor is the most popular Ambassadress in Constantinople, Mrs. Leishman is the most criticised, and in Turkey the cosmopolitan circle is—well, *very* cosmopolitan. On account of her beauty, a great deal is forgiven, but many of her actions are so original that they are often misinterpreted. One afternoon she was acting in some charades, and her attitudes were so extraordinary that a certain Minister's wife thought it prudent to take her two daughters away. "It would not do for everyone to think alike," was Mrs. Leishman's only observation when she heard the story. Her daughter is the Countess de Gontaut-Biron, the wife of the Master of the Biarritz Hunt. Both the Count and Countess are *personæ gratissimæ* in the exalted circles that visit the popular Riviera resort.

Our Competition and Colonial Grievances

The "Bystander Everywhere" Competition, which has been running in these columns, has been very different from the usual senseless competition, the sole aim of which is to attract a few fresh readers. Our aim has been more especially to interest those who are already our readers in far-off lands, and who have often few of the comforts of civilisation and few amusements, and in this it has been abundantly successful. A very interesting aspect, however, has been the letters received, by which an exceptionally clear insight is gained into the conditions of life, both of the Empire's outposts and foreign countries. For instance, on page 245, we, this week, publish a photograph sent by Mr. Donald McDonald, of St. John's, Antigua. Readers will remember that the contract with the Royal Mail Service to the West Indies was recently discontinued, and although, after agitation, it has been resumed in a modified form, our correspondent says, there is still a great delay, and the service is most unsatisfactory to the smaller islands, such as Antigua. The papers are much behind, and, at the time our correspondent wrote, no Christmas Numbers had arrived, though published at the end of November. Matters of this nature should certainly receive the attention of the Imperial Government, and though Antigua be one of our smaller possessions, it is no reason why it should be neglected.

THE ART OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION



The Prize Drawing at the St. John's Wood Art Schools—Subject: R. L. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights"
The prize, representing a scene from the story, "Providence and the Guitar," entitled "Bertheline Greets the Landlord," was won by Mr. A. G. Barnes

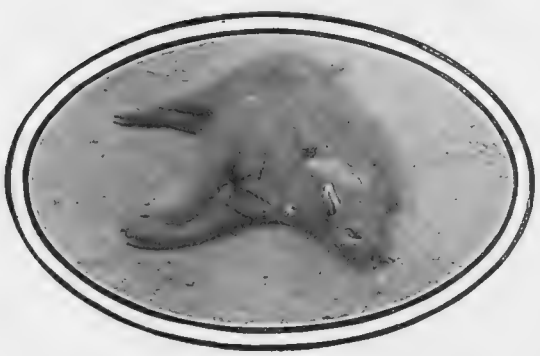
Big-Game Shooting in Equatorial Africa

On these pages is contained a pictorial record of the fruits of three successive big-game shoots in different parts of the wilds of Africa—in the very centre of Africa—near the Stanley Falls—the Abyssinian Hinterland and the forests of the Zambesi respectively, undertaken by Colonel Harrison, who ranks with Mr. Selous, Major Powell-Colton, and Lord Delamere, as a big-game shikari of intrepidity and resource. Colonel Harrison is noted, among other things, as the introducer, last year, of the Forest Pygmies to London. The photographs and descriptions here given indicate in a remarkable manner the magnitude of his captures, and the great risks undertaken in their quest. Africa, though more than any other territory of the world the huntsman's Elysium, is also his inferno—for coupled with the glories of his trophies are dangers of the fight with gigantic beasts, the malignant climate, the inhospitalities of the desert, and the treachery of the still savage tribes of the wild regions explored.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Forest Pygmies (from the Ituri) clad in European garb

The Pygmies were first introduced to England last year by Colonel Harrison, the big-game hunter, whose photographs are now being reproduced



Forest Water-Pig: A new discovery on the Congo

An Oryx: A scarce species shot near Lake Stephen

This photo shows a few skins put out to dry on the journey back from the forest. The two okapi skins were, of course, killed by the pygmies, as, owing to the dense jungle and their extraordinary sensitiveness to danger, this rare animal has never yet been killed by a white man. In this it resembles the bongo of E. Africa, which, from descriptions of the little people, the writer is sure is to be found in the Ituri. The pygmies hunt in long lines, driving a mile of forest. When they start an animal, the man just behind blows a horn as a signal for men on each side of him to rush forward and try to encircle the animal before getting out of reach. They then spear it as it rushes past. For a larger animal, like the elephant, they use poisoned spears, pricking them just above the hind foot. A few hours of this deadly poison is enough to bring the beast down

Skins of the rare Okapi killed by pygmies

BIG-GAME

EQUATORI

THE PERILS AND THE PRIZES OF A NINE MONTHS' TRIP FROM ABYSSINIA TO LAKE RUDOLPH.

Somalis beheading a "Hippo"

On this page are reproduced photographs of some of the big game captured by Colonel Harrison's party during a nine months' trip from Abyssinia to Lake Rudolph. Thirty-five varieties of game were secured between Somaliland and the Uganda Railway, the trip having taken place during one of the worst periods of drought ever known, in which lakes and rivers were absolutely dry, and natives almost exterminated by thirst. The animals were, for hundreds of miles, the only living creatures encountered. As, however, the bed of one of the evaporated rivers was found to be covered with luxurious green grass—an impromptu oasis—some consolation was found by the explorers and their transport camels

A coloured Giraffe

These handsome coloured giraffes are very striking when seen standing in the sun. Of a rich, bright chestnut colour, with pure white rings, they stand out splendidly as compared with the dull grey colouring of the more Southern giraffe. The above was shot on Lake Rudolph

The Perils of Big-Game Sho

This elephant, though a cow, had a m
laugh at elephant hunting, and liken it t
well-timbered districts, with plenty, but
but tackle them in impenetrable jungle,
likely to be found in greater numbers, a
coolest head, the chances are about equa
but getting furious, she charged round a
tossed one gun-boy 20 ft. out of her
other things belonging to one of the pa
(who is seen sitting

SHOOTING

L AFRICA

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PERSONAL DESCRIPTIONS BY COL. HARRISON, A WELL-KNOWN BIG-GAME SHIKARI

: Capture of a wild Elephant

beautiful pair of tusks. Some travellers hooting cattle. This may apply to certain too much, shelter for the sportsmen; ft. high, where cow elephants are most with the best weapons in the world and The above animal never waited a second, ound, scattering everyone in all directions, d, smashed up the glasses, hat, and besides nearly getting Colonel Harrison er) three times over

An Ant-eater: A rare capture

One of the most interesting animals obtained was the ant-eater. Though not exactly rare, yet it is very seldom captured. Many sportsmen have tried to dig them out, but, seemingly, they can burrow faster than one can dig

A rare white Topi

This unique specimen, a white topi, was shot by Mr. Archibald Butter on the shore of Lake Rudolph. It was, at the time, feeding among two or three thousand of the common topi, so was considered a great piece of good luck to obtain it. A white baby topi was also seen among this band

"Glorious by My Gun"

Starting for the Shoot: Mr. Vaughan Kirby at the head

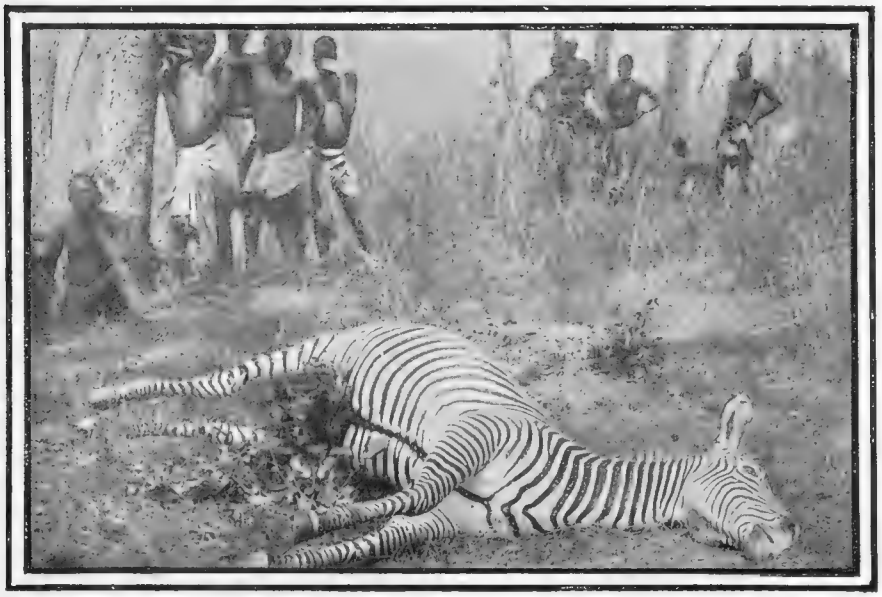
TROPHIES OF A SIX MONTHS' SHOOT IN ZAMBESIA

THE following animals were killed during a hunting expedition which Colonel Harrison, accompanied by Mr. Vaughan Kirby, undertook in a part of the Portuguese East Africa country, then little known. The party landed at Chindi, at the mouth of the Zambesi river, where one of the river steamers took them some distance up the Shirè river, at which point they disembarked, and, after procuring 120 porters, some of whom are shown in this photograph (Mr. Kirby is in the white terai hat), struck in'and N.E. The mosquitos on the Shirè river are described as the largest and most persevering of their type in Africa

ELAND

Eland is fairly di tributed over all this country — much more so than is usual; generally they are very local, and once find a herd, the same will frequently be found within a very short distance of the same spot. The carriers were chiefly Yows, a tribe who were at the time in a very unsettled state, and more than once the travellers had to assume very stern threats and mien. One of the chief drawbacks to this country was the dense, high grass, which was very little burnt by the natives; we used to fire the whole country behind us on the march, and then hunt back on the burnt ground for a few days. All game love to feed on newly burnt ground, on which a few days soon sees fresh green blades springing up

A Fine Eland: Col. Harrison in the centre



An East African Zebra

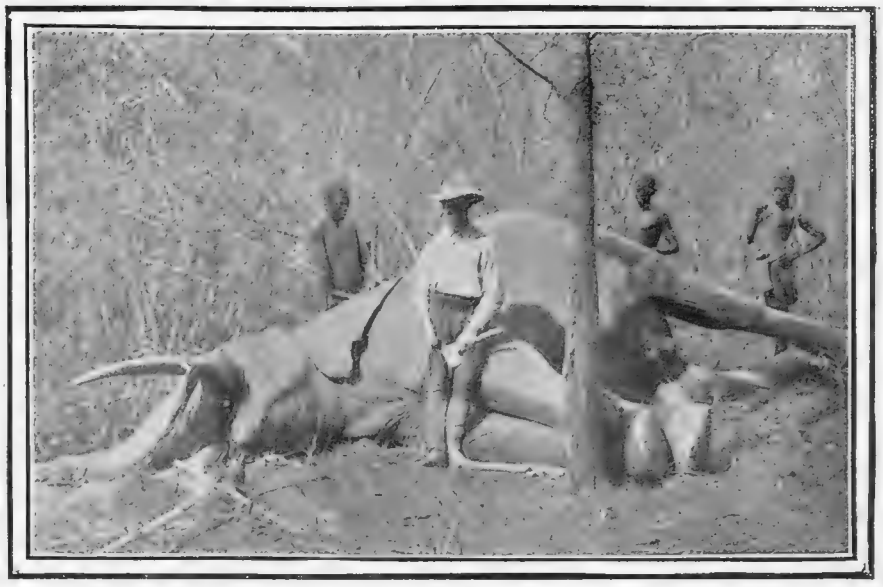
ZEBRA

The zebra is fairly common in this district. This animal and the impala are two that hunters often much dislike. Owing to their large numbers and keen sense of danger, they surround other game and make it almost impossible to stalk. The waterbuck is much the same all through South and Central Africa; he seems to be the most generally and evenly distributed beast in the country

Specimens of Zambesian Big Game

ELEPHANT

This was Colonel Harrison's first African elephant, and turned out to be a record one, so far as height went. Describing the capture, he writes: "Having fired and wounded this fine animal, on opening the rifle to reload, I found the barrels in one hand and stock in the other—my gun-boy in full flight with my ten-bore. The position was critical for a few moments, for we stood facing each other, only a few feet apart, and a thin sapling between. Luckily, he did not show fight, and, keeping perfectly quiet, he turned and trotted away, never to get up again



A fine Elephant, captured at perilous risk

Rhinoceros (with calf), which took eight hours to track and kill

"RHINO"

Here is the writer's first rhinoceros. The fact of its being a cow did not save it—in fact the hunter became the hunted. All animals become dangerous when they have a young one along. We spent eight hours' hard tracking this rhinoceros. On the burnt ground, of course, you can run along the spoor, but when one gets on to a mile of hard, rocky foothills, which it loves, the work is very tedious. As the sun gets up you will find, instead of the twisting and turning spoor made while feeding, the animal suddenly makes a straight line, possibly to visit water first and then to lay up in some dense grass jungle. Unless you come up with him before getting into this, the odds are very much against getting a shot

A COW "HIPPO"

After being shot, a hippopotamus always sinks, and does not rise to the surface for about four hours, when it drifts on to the nearest sandbank. We got through the Shupanga Forest safely, though my companion had a terribly near squeak with a wounded elephant. Jumping aside as he charged, his foot caught in the undergrowth, and falling within reach, the enraged beast caught his shirt in his trunk as he dashed by, and my friend found himself in the air. Luckily, being an old shirt, much torn and buttonless, it gave, and he dropped out to watch his shirt carried away in triumph. However, he recovered both very shortly after. This trip, from and back to the coast, occupied about six months

Landing a Hippopotamus four hours after a kill

Worldly Short Story No. 59

LOVE AND THE PHILOSOPHER

By H. H. BASHFORD

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

MRS. CHALLIS was knitting when she heard Jack's footstep on the gravel. She looked up when he came round the corner, and offered him her hand, as a smile of welcome lit up her placid countenance. She had lost her own son some years ago, but there was a motherly light in her eyes as she regarded Jack. For she loved boys, and found them easy of understanding. Jack stood in the French window, framed in a setting of lawn and sky and a blue twinkle of sea.

"You're late for tea," said Mrs. Challis. Jack seated himself in the window with his legs crossed upon the garden path.

"I've just had a most enormous tea at the Clayton's," he said. "Been fishing all day, you know. Beastly hungry. May I smoke? And where's Tommy?"

Mrs. Challis looked at him quickly, and her eyes became a little troubled. But he appeared entirely undisturbed.

"She's out, and——"

Jack lit a cigarette.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wanted to congratulate her."

Mrs. Challis breathed a little sigh, that might have suggested relief.

"Then you *have* heard?" she asked.

"Met Bunley," said Jack, laconically. Then he looked up with a smile. "Are you pretty happy about it?" he asked.

Mrs. Challis's forehead was furrowed by a tiny wrinkle.

"They're very wrapped up in one another," she said. "And he's exceedingly clever."

"Brainy's no word for it," admitted Jack. "Pretty old though, isn't he?"

"There are about ten years between them. She's admired him ever since she first went to Girton."

"Professor, or something, isn't he?" queried Jack.

"An authority on logic, and one of our most rising philosophers," observed Mrs. Challis.

Jack whistled, and looked at her out of the corners of his eyes. "That sounds as if Tommy had been coaching you," he said.

"I believe it's perfectly true."

"Why couldn't she admire me?" sighed Jack.

Mrs. Challis laughed a little.

"She knows you too well, perhaps," she suggested, and Jack nodded.

"That's it," he observed, resignedly. "She's watched me grow. Knew me as a little beast of a boy. Seen me whacked for telling fibs. All that counts, you know. She knows my limitations."

Mrs. Challis looked at him curiously.

"Then you had thought about my little girl?" she asked. Jack lay back and regarded the sunset.

"Rather," he said, cheerfully, "lots."

"I mean," said Mrs. Challis, "in the marrying way?"

"That was the way," admitted Jack.

Mrs. Challis laid a plump hand upon his shoulder, as he sat in the doorway.

"Poor old boy," she said.

"Don't pity me," said Jack. "You see——" he paused, and blew a thoughtful ring of smoke into the quiet air.

"You see," he went on presently, "I know her pretty well. As well as she knows me, if it comes to that, and perhaps a little better. That's why you needn't pity me much."

Mrs. Challis was a little puzzled.

"Because she'll marry me," said Jack.

"But, Jack——"

"Well?"

"I thought you knew. It's all settled. They're to be married in October."

"October, is it?" asked Jack.

"In three months' time, Jack. You——" she patted his shoulder. "I think you must forget," she said.

"You've not told me if you're happy about it," he reminded her.

"I don't quite understand it," she confessed. "But I feel sure it will all turn out for the best." Turning out for the best was one of the cardinal consolations of Mrs. Challis's creed.

"That's just what I think," said Jack.

Mrs. Challis spread out her hands.

"And he's a good man," she continued; "he has a comfortable income, and he's very clever. Margaret's clever also, and interested in all his projects."

Jack coughed.

"Marriage of intellects, and all that," he suggested.

Mrs. Challis sighed again.

"Margaret's never sentimental, you know," she said.

"No," said Jack. "That's just the point." He stretched himself lazily. "Now, I'm fearfully sentimental," he confessed, "at times."

"Sentiment," began Mrs. Challis. "A little sentiment——"

"Just so," said Jack. "Here's Tommy, and here's Bunley, too."

They came up the path together, a tall figure of a girl, with steady eyes, and a baldish man with a sandy moustache. Jack waved his hand.

"We were *talking* about sentiment," he explained, "and here is its apotheosis—an engaged couple."

Margaret and Bunley exchanged smiles.

(*Continued on page 240*)

Another Worldly Story Next Week

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To be Sacrificed to the Jerry Builder?

Photo *J. H. Baldock, F.R.P.S.*

A view of the beautiful Purley Beaches, which are threatened with destruction

The lease of the land on which Purley Beaches stand expires next Lady Day, when, if the further £320 is not raised to complete the amount required for their purchase for the use of the public, the 13½ acres will fall into the hands of the enterprising builder of model villas, who has already, within the last three or four years, transformed the beautiful rural district on the South of Croydon into a mere outer suburb of the Metropolis. Further subscriptions for the purchase of this land for the public benefit will be welcomed by Captain A. Carpenter, Red House, Sanderstead

(Continued from page 238)

"I don't think we're very sentimental," she said, "are we, George?"

"It's a flimsy foundation," observed Bunley.

"But not such a bad mortar, eh?" suggested Jack.

"Is mortar necessary?" asked Bunley, and Jack shook his head.

"Ah, that I can't say," he observed. "Haven't investigated, you know."

Margaret kissed her mother gently on the forehead.

"I think you're both being very silly," she said to the others. "Have you had any tea, Jack?"

He nodded.

"Been fishing off the Gull rocks," he said.

Margaret's eye brightened.

"Where we used to shrimp," she reminded him.

Bunley smiled.

"I can't imagine you shrimping, somehow," he said to Margaret.

Jack waved his cigarette.

"You should have seen her, Bunley," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Hair all blowy. Skirts all wavy. Cheeks all pinky. Legs all——"

"Don't talk nonsense, Jack," said Margaret, with a slight deepening of colour in her cheeks. "He's always like this, George."

Bunley smiled indulgently.

"An old friend's privilege," he said. "You are old friends, aren't you?"

"Since birth," said Jack, promptly; "we fought from our respective perambulators."

He looked at Margaret.

"Tommy always won," he added.

"Tommy?" asked Bunley.

Jack nodded.

"Your fu— your *fiancée*," he observed, solemnly.

Bunley wiped his spectacles. Mentally he could not but be conscious of the almost puerile plane upon which Jack spent his days. There was, perhaps, the least trace of this in his smile.

"That was when you were children, I suppose," he said.

"It was always," said Jack.

"Dear, dear! I'm very sorry for you."

Jack sighed.

"Now that's really kind of you," he said, gratefully. "Sympathy, you know——"

"Sympathy——" began Bunley, sententiously.

"Excuse me," said Jack, "my epigram—Sympathy is the mayonnaise sauce that lubricates life's lobster."

Margaret put her hands to her ears.

"Oh, do stop," she cried. "I think you're at your very worst this afternoon, Jack."

He looked distressed.

"Ah, I knew it," he said repentantly. "I'll go."

He rose and took Mrs. Challis's hand.

"Already?" she said. He nodded.

"I was up most of the night," he explained; "I'm sleepy. Good-bye, Tommy. Good-bye, Bunley. Be as happy as you can."

Bunley laughed half-heartedly as Jack disappeared through the garden gate.

"A light-spirited young man," he commented, "a very light-spirited young man; and now——"

"Now for the proofs," said Margaret, enthusiastically. Enthusiasm was the mainspring of her life. It was enthusiasm that led her, in Jack's wake, to the most impossible recesses after birds' nests and blackberries and trivial adventures. It was enthusiasm that had sent her, day after day, wading the golden sands for the offspring of the sea. In later life, it was enthusiasm that had despatched her mind into the more ultimate realms of mathematics, and held her now as she bent with Bunley over the latest chapter of his new work. They were reading by candle-light in a corner of the lawn, and presently, looking up from the printed slips, she leaned a little towards him.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she exclaimed, "that I, who have always worshipped those other books of yours, should be helping you now in this new one. It's hardly believable."

He touched her hand.

"You're helping me a great deal," he said. "You *can* help me. That's why our marriage is so eminently suitable."

"I can't think——" began Margaret.

"Can't you, dear?" Bunley regretted the moment's delay, but decided it would be well to waive this feeling. He looked at her with his clear eyes.

"It was only logical," he said. "Here was I, a bachelor and getting on in years, with a large and empty house and a life-work. And there were you, well adapted to wifehood, with a keen intelligence, and a strong interest in my one pursuit. We had sufficient means. We were thrown together. What could be more logical? You admired me, and I"—he touched her hand as it lay upon the table—"I had the tenderest regard for you." He paused for a minute, and then resumed his fountain-pen.

"It was only logical," he repeated, with a smile. "And I dare to think that you and I, perhaps more than most people, are capable of obeying the reasonings of a trained intelligence—at any rate, in the more important phases of life."

Some stars twinkled.

"And now for the next chapter," said Margaret.

. . . . . .

To say that Mrs. Challis was absolutely contented with the prospect of her daughter's approaching marriage would be to overstate the case. But Margaret had long ago outgrown any childish dependence upon her mother. She was of age, and apparently of surprising discretion; and she was coolly judicious to an amazing degree. There were times, indeed, when Mrs. Challis found it difficult to believe that this was her own daughter, so widely did their temperaments differ; but on these occasions she would comfort herself by supposing that after all the lines of modern education were probably set in the right direction. Nevertheless, she could not help being a little overwhelmed both by the exuberance of her child's vitality and the extraordinarily dispassionate judgment with which it was controlled. But being a wise woman, she folded her hands, remained a constant, if unexciting, factor in her daughter's life, and believed firmly that all things would turn out for the best. In this rule of life Margaret concurred very heartily. Heaven had endowed her with an excellent constitution and a level-headed outlook; and a sound self-discipline had made the best use of both. Then, too, the Bunley standpoint had appealed to her as the only one that really satisfied her reason, and the Bunley offer of marriage had been accepted with her usual trained enthusiasm, and now she felt curiously complete. Her nature had not thus far prompted her to any of those more tremulous and girlish delights and agitations as the wedding-day approached; and if it had done so, her admirable training would have instantly suppressed them. Intelligence had dictated the obvious suitability of their union, and the presence or absence of the cruder emotions remained, therefore, a matter of very little moment. So Margaret swung down to the little bay, with her bathing towel over her shoulders, contented with her present, and looking hopefully towards her future. The sea, with a thousand little white-capped waves, stretched out to

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Actress, Singer, and Bride

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Denise Orme, who is about to be married to Baron Ernsthausen

Miss Denise Orme, who is now playing in *Les Merveilleuses* at Daly's Theatre, is an accomplished singer and violinist besides a charming actress. She has signified her intention of continuing her stage career after her marriage

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the clearest of horizons. The sun beat warm upon her cheeks, upon the rocks beyond which she was going to bathe. The headland was wet with spray and shone like gold, and a fresh breeze blew seawards from the hayfields. And she was twenty-two years old.

The little bay was subdivided into two portions, and in the furthermost there were some caves, devoted by tradition to the use of ladies who wished to swim. Into one of these she disappeared briskly and emerged in a few minutes, attired for bathing, with a red cap upon her head. She splashed happily into the water, and headed out into the bay, and it was only when she turned upon her back for a minute or two that her eyes caught sight of a baldish head bobbing up and down a few yards away from her. She rubbed some salt water from her eyes and then hailed it cautiously.

"Hullo, George," she cried, and a few strokes brought them side by side.

"I never knew you were keen on swimming," she added.

"I find it an excellent mental tonic," said Bunley; "don't you?"

"Rather," said Margaret, and they swam on side by side. Swimming was easy to-day, and they were able to converse, and after a few generalities upon the exercise and the weather, turned naturally to a question which had arisen between them on the previous evening, a minor point in the new book's construction, upon which they had disagreed. So they struck into a broad belt of warmer water, and beyond it again into the heart of the white-capped wavelets. It was Bunley who first suggested that they had swum out far enough. And it was then that there came suddenly to Margaret the first vague presage of a new experience that was about to dawn upon her. For the shore looked strangely distant, more distant by a very great deal than she had ever seen it before, and the wind from the hayfields blew little puffs of spray into her face at every stroke. Conversation dropped between them, and once, looking sideways at Bunley, she could detect an anxious line that had crept upon his forehead. There came to her then the sense of some power, unimaginably vast, that was beginning to lay hands upon her life, nonchalantly, as a giant might seize the toy of a child, might play with it for a moment or two, and presently break it; a power so serene and relentless that, upon its breast, the bark of her life lay now, like the puniest of bubbles, a trifle, infinitely negligible.

Her breath came a little shorter, and she struck out less easily, with quick, clutching movements. And the shore lay smiling before her eyes, as far away as ever. Then she grew suddenly lonely, with an illimitable loneliness, with the sky staring down at her like a stone, and the waves mocking her as they drummed beside her ears. She swallowed a little water, and choked for a minute or two, and began to feel sick and desperately cold. Bunley was swimming beside her, blowing the spray from his mouth at each stroke. And now it was as though fingers were fumbling at the latch of some great and unnoticed door of her spirit, that had heretofore been closed to her, that concealed behind it enormous vistas of experience, that spread heights before her undreamed of in her philosophy, and plumbed immeasurable depths. It was difficult to believe that she had just come out for a morning's swim. And she was utterly lonely; some instinct drew her nearer to Bunley, and she turned to him.

"I'm—I'm just a little tired," she said at last. "Could you help me, do you think?"

She would not forget his face as he turned towards her. But he reached out an arm and held her a little, and their progress became slower—ceased, indeed, to be progress at all. They breathed hard and were silent, and there were no figures on shore or cliff, or any sails at sea.

"I'm not a good swimmer," said Bunley at last, staring into her eyes. "I'm afraid I can't help you for very long. I'm afraid I can't help you to the shore."

His words came dully to her ears, like the beating of some distant and monotonous hammer. And then, suddenly, her mind asserted itself with extraordinary clearness, and became pitilessly lucid.

"We shall both drown," she said, "I am pulling you down. You must leave me."

"I can't," he said, but in a dull voice that lacked conviction. Unexplainably, they had become as strangers to one another. They might have been arguing reasonably about a seat in a railway carriage.

"Listen," said Margaret. "You might reach the shore alone. It's not so very far, really."

He was silent.

"If you stay you can't save me," she said.

"I can't," he admitted.

A new desire came upon her to make the matter easy for him. In some mysterious way she had become greater than he was.

"You would if you could," she said.

"Yes," he agreed, "I would if I could."

"Why should we both drown?" asked Margaret. "You can't do any good by staying here. You have your work. You must go."

She put his arm away from her and he fell back a little, treading water and staring at her.

"Don't you see?" she asked. "It's so obviously useless to stay, and there's your work."

"Yes, there's my work."

"It's all so—logical," she said, and then remembered something, and smiled at him with her white lips.

"Do you send me away?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said. He hung about her for a minute, and then, turning his face to the shore began to breast the waves again. With feeble strokes she followed him, at a distance that grew wider each moment, and the fingers, fluttering at the door, began to open it a little, and her eyes grew darker. Then there came to her thoughts of what people would say about her when Bunley brought the tidings. She could imagine her mother and her friends, the boats that would search for her and perhaps find her, the burial service, the letters of condolence and the wreaths, and in time, in such a very little time, the tranquil memory that would be her all upon earth. She saw her life as it had been, very self-sufficient, and, for all its apparent breadth, so infinitely narrow. She saw here life, as she had planned it, the London square, the house with Bunley, the books of logic; and it stretched before her as unreal as a dream. She had lost sight of Bunley now, and it would seem as though Nature, stooping down for a minute, had smudged him from the slate of her life, the merest episode. She knew, too, that she was no lonelier since he had left her. And it seemed to be now as though she had never, in any real sense, touched life until this moment, this last moment when it would slip away from her still unrevealed. She had given up struggling by this time, and her eyes saw neither land nor sky. It was just then, too, that there shot through her for a minute, sprung from some unexpected deep of her being, a sudden strange desire of motherhood, a yearning for babies' lips, some dawn of an immortal regret.

(Continued on page 244)

A Dancer before Pharaoh

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Winifred Hart-Dyke

One of the most graceful dancers on the lyric stage, who is now appearing in *Amäsis* at the Criterion Theatre. She is the niece of Sir William Hart-Dyke, who was Minister of Education in Lord Salisbury's Ministry

(*Continued from page 242*)

She became hardly conscious even of the water lapping at her breasts. And over the waves, with desperate spray ringing past its bows, a boat raced down towards her red-capped head.

. . . . . .

By the time Jack reached the shore, his boat contained two passengers besides himself, gathered from the deep under circumstances that lay beyond his simple comprehension. For Margaret had been drowning out there in the bay, while Bunley, by the time that he had overtaken him, had been well up towards the shallow water, with his face to the shore.

Margaret lay in the stern now, looking very green, with his sweater over her shoulders, and her feet in the pockets of his blazer, which was buttoned round her legs. Moreover, there was an extraordinary expression in her eyes that he could not help noticing. He noticed it, indeed, with considerable care, all the way back to the shore. As for Bunley, he was shivering in the bows, where Jack believed that he was biting his nails and suffering, apparently, from some considerable moral or mental joy. He landed him presently, and rowed Margaret round to her cave, whence she emerged after a while looking rather white and shaky and glad enough of his escort up the hill.

This happened on a Wednesday morning, and it was not until Friday evening that Margaret met Bunley again, though he had called once or twice at the house to inquire for her, and been invited to remain if he would. They met in the green roadway that led to the station, and Bunley was carrying a handbag. He held out his hand to her.

"I'm going to London," he said, and neither told her nor appeared desirous of being asked for how long his visit would extend. Instead, it would seem as though they were standing before one another as actors in some fore-ordained drama, as children in the hands of an inexorable law. There was neither surprise nor questioning between them. For a few moments they had joined upon the road, and now they were separating for the rest of time.

"Good-bye," she said.

It chanced, too, that Jack, coming home from the station, upon the field path, was an unobserved spectator of their meeting. With considerable tact, he turned discreetly up a side lane, where, however, he flung discretion to the winds. For he had read in both faces and their attitudes, and subtly in some unexplained way, some secrets that had been puzzling him.

He spoke aloud.

"By Jove," he said. "It was raw nature. They ran up against a bit of raw nature, those two. And they've learned things." And he smiled broadly upon a beneficent world.

"My dear," said Mrs. Challis, on an afternoon of the following week, "George hasn't been here for a very long time, has he?"

Margaret leaned back in her deck-chair, and looked contentedly about her. How placid and immovable it all seemed, this little garden, with its lawn of satin and its neat flower-beds, with the arbour of crimson ramblers, and the gardener's boy whistling somewhere, as he went about his work. How curiously dearer it had all suddenly become to her.

"Mr. Bunley's gone to London," she said.

"*Mr. Bunley!*" exclaimed her mother.

Margaret woke from her reverie.

"Eh—what did I say? Mr. Bunley? Yes, I meant that. He's gone to London."

"But, my dear, has—has anything happened?"

"Yes," said Margaret.

"Have you given him up?"

"N—not exactly," said Margaret.

Mrs. Challis's cheeks grew a little pinker.

"He's not——?" she began.

Margaret shook her head, and drew her chair a little closer to her mother's. She bent down and picked a daisy from the lawn. "Not that either—exactly," she said. "I'll tell you. We were engaged. Then—well, something happened, as you said. We neither of us had very much to do with it, really. It was sort of arranged for us, I think. But we—we both know, and he's gone away."

She looked at her mother.

"Mother dear," she asked gently, "were you ever in love?"

Mrs. Challis looked amazedly at her daughter. Surely, she was more entirely incomprehensible than ever, this afternoon.

"Of course," she said.

"And was it the very best and biggest thing in all the world?"

Mrs. Challis coloured a little.

"Of course," she said again, very simply, for so elderly a person. Margaret caught her breath a little, and her mother looked at her quickly.

"But I think, dear," she added, "that it's more *in* some people to love, you know."

"You mean you think it's—perhaps—not in me so much?"

Mrs. Challis was silent, and Margaret got up and bent over her chair.

"I don't, perhaps, know what it is, mother," she said, "but I—I think, somehow, I've learnt what it might be."

. . . . . .

"So you see," concluded Jack, "I don't mean to be quite such a cad as that. But I sort of guessed that things had happened, don't you know. And I've waited so long, Tommy—all of both our lives."

Margaret hesitated.

"You see," she said at last, "you are quite right. Things did happen, extraordinary things. I don't believe I quite understand them yet, and I know I can't tell you about them. You must promise not to ask me to tell you about them."

"I'll promise anything," said Jack, "if you'll only marry me." He looked into her eyes, until presently she bent her head.

"I'll promise anything," he said again, "if you'll marry me, Tommy."

"Some day I'll be able to tell you," she said.

"Some day?" he asked. "Then I may come back some day?"

"Yes, you may come back," she said, "in a little while."

Then suddenly he took her hands.

"Oh, Tommy," he said, "why not now? Why should we wait?"

"Only for a little while," she said again. "Somehow I think I should like you to wait a little while. We must be so sure, you see, so sure."

"Tommy," he said reproachfully, "I don't believe you half know all that love means."

She lifted her eyes to him then, and they looked at one another for a long time, and he was dumb. Faintly there came up to them the dull roar of the sea.

"I think I know a very little," she said at last. "And I'm silly. But sometimes the bigness of it almost frightens me."

She was silent for a minute, and then looked at him again.

"And, oh, Jack boy," she whispered, "many-waters cannot quench it."

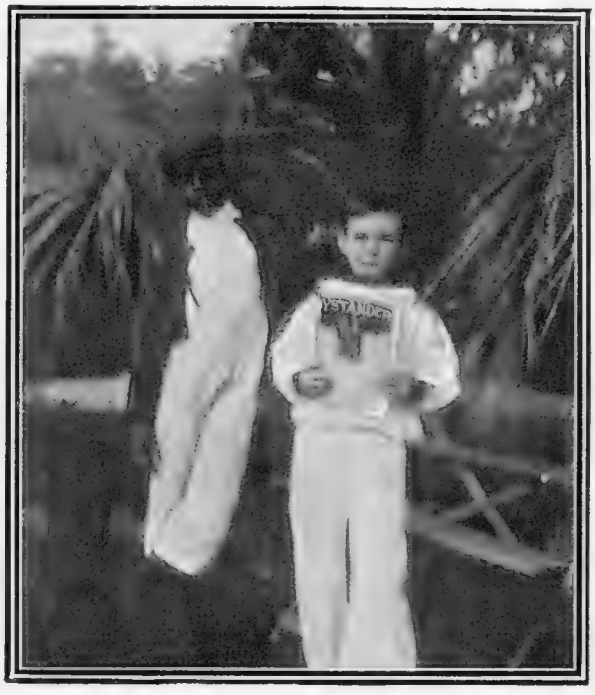
H. H. Bashford.

"Bystander" Readers in Many Lands

(Half a Guinea is paid for each photograph of readers in out-of-the-way parts of the world published on this page)

In Alberta, Canada

ent by Mr. G. B. BURNS, Blackfields, Alberta, Canada, who writes: By the side of the reader of your paper are lying two lynxes, hich we have just trapped. These animals are very numerous round here"



A little reader in Antigua, West Indies

The sender, Mr. DONALD MCDONALD, St. John's, Antigua, West Indies, writes: "I hope this photo has the requisite 'local colour' in the shape of the black boy and the palm tree. The paper is taken regularly here at the public library, several copies at the club, and privately, and is considered one of the most interesting papers we get"

'The Bystander" in Freetown, Sierra Leone

Mr. N. EMERIC BROWNE, Druggist, Westmoreland Street, Freetown, Sierra Leone, writes: "In this photograph I am reading THE BYSTANDER in my garden during the heat of the day, and am showing my apprentices the page in the issue for November 21, 1906, entitled 'The World's Ailing Monarchs,' in which the boys were very much interested. They remarked on man's infirmities, though even he may be a King"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

The Good Sport of January

On the whole, January has been much the most successful month of the hunting season, and the fine sport which has fallen to the majority of packs during the past few weeks will constitute a very pleasant memory to followers of hounds. In the Shires, where there are larger crowds than ever this season, sport has maintained a fair level of excellence, without being of an extraordinary character, but in some of the provincial countries, hounds have seldom done better. From districts as far apart as the Holderness, the East Essex, the Hertfordshire, the Burstow, the Cambridgeshire, and the Blackmore Vale, come recent reports of the best days enjoyed for several years past, and I know that a good many Masters in the provinces are counting this as one of the most successful seasons within their experience.

A Long Casualty List

As was ever the case, disaster has followed in the wake of hounds when the pace has been hot, and the victims of January mishaps up to the time of writing make a long and rather melancholy list. Among them may be mentioned Captain Burns-Hartopp, the popular ex-Master of the Quorn, who damaged his knee with the Cottesmore; Lieut.-Colonel D. E. Wood, of the Army Remount Department, who was badly hurt in Mr. Fernie's country; and Mrs. F. H. Durlacher, that well-known figure in the Shires, who took a bad fall with the Quorn. Mrs. Puckle, another very keen hunting lady, and a splendid rider to hounds, fractured her collar-bone and some ribs while out with the Warwickshire; Captain M. McTaggart was severely hurt as the result of a fall with his father's pack, the Surrey Staghounds; Major J. B. Aldridge, R.F.A., fell and was badly kicked by his horse when hunting with the East Galway; Captain A. E. Paget injured his knee with the Meath; and Lord Arthur Grosvenor dislocated his shoulder with the South Cheshire. Scanning this list of casualties, Lindsay Gordon's familiar lines at once come to mind:—

> No game was ever worth a rap,
> For a rational man to play,
> Into which no accident, no mishap,
> Could possibly find its way.

But it is questionable whether that consoling sentiment will yield any compensation to those unlucky ones whose names have just been quoted, and, apart from the nature of their injuries, our sympathy goes out to them in the loss of sport during the cream of the season.

Photo *Lastham*

Lord Arthur Grosvenor

Who, whilst hunting with the South Cheshire Hounds on Saturday, the 12th inst., met with an accident which will keep him out of the saddle for some weeks

The Duke of Beaufort's Rebuke

The hunting field is not free from "regrettable incidents," and the present month has seen an episode which is scarcely creditable to the riders concerned. I refer to the intolerable overriding of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds the other day, and the drastic measure taken by the noble M.F.H. to check the evil. Throughout the morning hounds had been persevering on a slack scent, but their efforts were continually nullified by the inconsiderate riding of some of the field, who not only interfered with hounds, but actually headed foxes. Presumably, the Duke found mere expostulations of no avail, and at last he stopped hounds and took them back to kennels, scathingly remarking to the worst offenders that they had already proved the presence of a pack of hounds to be unnecessary to them. This is not the first occasion on which the Duke of Beaufort has found it necessary to take this extreme step. No sportsman does more for fox-hunting than the Master of the Badminton, and it is much to be regretted that an unruly, jealous-riding section of his followers should so far overstep the bounds of proper conduct in the field as to cause him this great annoyance. I know that the Duke of Beaufort possesses very strong views on the utter lack of knowledge of the "game" and the great thoughtlessness displayed by many people who go out with the hounds. I questioned him not long ago regarding a case in the Blackmore Vale country, in which an aggrieved farmer had sued the Hunt secretary for damages, the verdict going against the farmer. The Duke remarked that he was "pleased to hear the Judge's decision, as it would be hard for a Master or Secretary of a Hunt to be liable for all the damage done by all the idiots (and there are many) who come out hunting."

A Meet of the Garth Hounds

Meet of the Garth Foxhounds at Wellington: "Hounds gentlemen, please!"

These hounds are fortunate in possessing a country beautifully stocked with foxes, and under the Mastership of Mr. R. H. Gosling they are showing excellent sport

Prince Christian, a prominent supporter of the Garth Hounds

The members of this Hunt are proud of the fact that His Majesty the King is their President, while Prince Christian hunts with them regularly

In the Garth Country

Our illustrations depict a recent meet of the Garth Hounds, which, in spite of the spread of bricks and mortar in many parts of their country, continue to show good sport to a large following. The members of the Garth are very proud of the fact that His Majesty the King is their President, while one of their most regular followers is that very keen sportsman, Prince Christian, the Ranger of Windsor Great Park. There are few provincial countries better supplied with foxes than the Garth. Happily, there is not the slightest necessity for turning-down foxes, and that is probably the reason why the country is so free from mange. A very large number of pheasants are reared, but the land is all held by landlords—of whom the King is the foremost—so the difficulty with shooting-tenants, very acute in neighbouring hunting districts, does not arise here. It is well known, of course, that the Hunt takes its name from Mr. T. C. Garth, who hunted the hounds for fifty years without a break, and is still, I am glad to hear, hale and hearty. Mr. R. H. Gosling, his successor in the Mastership, has more than maintained the good reputation of the pack. Last season hounds killed 54½ brace of foxes, and ran another 15 brace to ground in their 122 hunting days, none of which was blank. No better testimony could be given than these figures to the sport enjoyed in a rough and provincial country.

More Retiring Masters

More gaps in the ranks are reported week by week, and one of the latest announcements is the retirement of Mr. J. Willis Fleming from the Mastership of the Tedworth Hounds. All cannot be well when the Hunt Committee receive their Master's resignation after he has been but a few months in office, and, judging by the statements of an Andover correspondent, the Tedworth people have many difficult points to contend with just now. Sir William Cooke, who took over the control of the Ledbury at the beginning of the present season, also resigned a few days ago, but has since changed his mind, and will go on with the country. When Sir William took up his residence at the Upper Hall, Ledbury, where the ex-Master, Mr. Carnaby Forster, used to live, the Ledbury men settled themselves down for a lengthy and successful period under his command, for he came from the neighbouring North Herefordshire country with a high reputation. Their dream, I hope, will still be realised. Mr. Hubert Wilson gives up the Cheshire Hounds; and yet another retiring M.F.H. is Mr. R. W. McKergow, who has been four seasons in command of the Southdown Foxhounds, and has earned the lasting gratitude of the members of that Hunt. He took over the hounds at a time when their fortunes were at a low ebb, owing to the severe epidemic of mange, which had devastated the supply of foxes. But Mr. McKergow stuck to his guns in a very sportsmanlike way, and he leaves the country in as good condition as it ever has been in modern times.

Grouse Disease

Shooting people have awaited with considerable interest the report of the special committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to investigate the causes and conditions of grouse disease. A statement of the progress made to December last has now been issued, but the results so far as new knowledge of the actual disease is concerned amounts to very little. As a matter of fact, the grouse of Scotland and England were wonderfully healthy during the season of 1906, and so the committee had no real material to work upon. Much as they sympathise with the objects of the committee, grouse shooters are hoping that this healthy state of the birds will long continue to baffle those pursuing the inquiry.

A. W. C.

"Reflections"

A picturesque scene of the Garth Hounds on their way to covert

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Concerning Ignorance of the Rules

I have often wondered, if an examination paper in the rules of golf were set to an average number of golfers taken haphazard, how many of them would pass? I do not think the paper set by the examiner need be a very stiff one. Even a moderately easy one would ensure a considerable percentage of ploughings. In a word, the ignorance of the golfer concerning the rules of his game is really amazing. To a certain extent, the kaleidoscopic changes in the rules during recent years are responsible for this unhappy state of affairs. The golfer has got tired of trying to keep pace with the many changes that have been made, and has at last, in despair, resigned himself to a general, hazy, and inaccurate knowledge of the laws which govern the game, trusting to his luck to escape from any serious question arising in a round which may be too recondite for solution by him or his adversary until they reach the club-house at the end of the match and can consult the code.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. E. M. Byers

The Amateur Champion of America. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Yale, and frequently plays in this country

A Flagrant Case

The most flagrant case which has come to my notice occurred during the last Amateur Championship, where two players waited at the sixteenth tee while a most simple little point, which had occurred at an early hole of the match, was being solemnly settled by the Committee at their special request. Now, what do you think this point was? Simply to settle what penalty one of the players had incurred who, in stepping back after going forward to look at the line of the hole, had accidentally moved his ball with one of his feet. I should have imagined that the veriest tyro would have known the rule governing this point. But here were two players competing for the Amateur Championship, and therefore, presumably, golfers of some standing and experience, who were ignorant of the proper penalty. It was really a ludicrous affair, and I only mention it as it throws such a lurid light on the dense ignorance which prevails sometimes even in circles where one would have thought a clear knowledge of the simpler rules of the game ought to exist.

The Wrong Ball

Another case occurred in the same tournament, in a match in which I happened to be referee. In this case, one of the players played a shot with the ball of a party not engaged in the match. His own ball lay in a bunker, but finding a ball on top of a knoll just beyond the bunker, he mistook it for his own, played it, and so won the hole. The mistake was immediately discovered when the player, not a party to the match, came up to play his ball. My match was coming in and the private match was going out, and a player in the latter had sliced his ball so that it lay fairly near that of the competitor of whom I am speaking. In a case of this sort, the penalty is the loss of the hole, unless the player who plays with a ball outside the match informs his opponent that he has done so before the latter plays his next shot. If he does this, there is no penalty, but if he fails to do so, then, *ipso facto*, he loses the hole. The rule governing the case is Rule 29, in its latter part; it is perfectly clear, and lays it down that, under the above circumstances, the "player's side shall lose the hole." But ever so many golfers begged me to let the matter alone, as the player's opponent was making no claim, while others questioned the correctness of my statement of the rule. The player himself, when I pointed out the rule to him, gave up the hole without the least hesitation. What struck me, however, was the ignorance displayed by many old golfers.

Rule 18

My final case occurred in a club match, when my opponent, having a short putt to hole, went along the line of it and gave two or three smart little taps with the back of his hand to a bumpy bit of ground on the line of the putt. When I gently remonstrated with him after the hole was finished, without making any claim for his infraction of one of the most elementary rules, he argued the point with me, and I had, metaphorically speaking, to rub his nose, gently but firmly, in Rule 18, which is as explicit and clear as possible on the point. I would advise young players to utilise their spare minutes between rounds, every now and then, in dipping into the rules, and giving themselves a nodding acquaintance with the code in its latest stage of development.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Do We Want a Channel Tunnel?

Anyhow, until we *get* it, we must brave the Channel crossing and avail ourselves of THE BYSTANDER'S £1,000 Sea Accident Assurance (see Page ii. of cover).

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

"Jamaica." By John Henderson. (A. and C. Black.)
"The Slave of Silence." By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Israel Rank." By Roy Horniman. (Chatto and Windus: 2s. 6d.)
"A Midsummer Day's Dream." By H. B. Marriott-Watson. (Methuen: 6s.)

Judaism and Crime

Would a man of Jewish extraction, and strong Semitic characteristics, commit murder on a wholesale scale of horror in order, solely, to secure the earldom of a distant relative? That is the pretty problem suggested after reading Mr. Roy Horniman's *Israel Rank*, the first of Messrs. Chatto and Windus's 2s. 6d. novels. Israel is the son of a commercial traveller, a Jew who married a Christian lady distantly connected with the noble family of Gascoyne. To reply to his schoolfellow's sneers at his race, Israel, a handsome, cynical youth, replies always that he is half an English aristocrat. As he grows older, the taunts begin to sting him badly, especially as he has a "love interest." He, therefore, takes the hideous resolve that he will devote his life to the "removal" of one after the other of the people who stand between him and the peerage. The story is a relation of the various essays in murder as successfully accomplished by Israel, whom the author would portray as a sort of Wainwright—a man viewing murder purely as an artistic means to an artistic end. As a story, it is quite fairly good melodrama. Mr. Horniman knows the art of enchaining attention; also, he has a pretty wit. The story is, perhaps, spun-out—too much space is devoted, between the murders, to Israel's love affairs, and to his social encounters. But, as one is very anxious to learn how he completes the cycle of his crimes, one ploughs on persistently from cover to cover. The main point is that suggested above. Would a *Jew* do the thing that Israel has done? I can conceive a morbid Anglo-Saxon, with an ultra-snobbish reverence for the tinsel of a title, carrying out such a campaign; but a logical Jew would, I imagine, have a more tangible ideal of power than that which attends a mere peerage. A Jew might risk his neck six successive times in quest of wealth; it is unlikely, of course, but in fiction admissible. He might do so to attain some commanding position—say, a Premiership or a Presidency. But merely to enjoy the titular substitution of "Lord" for "Mr." in a Christian snob-ocracy for which he professes contempt—that is an ideal for which no Jew would deem it good business to risk a limb once, let alone life, six times. However, Mr. Horniman's book is clever; and it is red-hot, and most readable melodrama.

Mr. Fred M. White
The distinguished novelist, whose latest book, "The Slave of Silence" (Ward, Lock: 6s.), is just published

"Life's Shop-Window"

There is, apparently, some philosophical "purpose" in Victoria Cross's new, and very long, novel, *Life's Shop Window* (Werner Laurie: 6s.), which, perhaps, entitles it to a little closer attention than is the case with this lady's work as a rule. The purpose in question is, apparently, to liken the position of a young girl, with beauty and passion, to the childish gazer into a shop window, and to liken man, as a whole, to the dolls displayed for her temptation. The girl selects her "doll"; and, in so doing, selects the course of her life. The author would seek to demonstrate to us that, as the child, of necessity, grows tired of, and breaks, the once-beautiful doll, so the woman grows tired of, and would very much like to break, the once-beautiful lover. Lydia, the heroine, is the protesting woman. Her earliest "doll" she has "purchased" at the age of sixteen—she, a farm maid-servant; he, a "gentleman-farmer" guest of thirty. They marry secretly, and emigrate to Arizona, where for six years they live happily together; then appears the other man. The girl (Lydia) becomes suddenly infatuated, and for ever deserts husband, home, and child for this man (Pelham). Treated strongly, there is good material here. Had Victoria Cross been more of a realist, and possessed of a keener insight into human nature, she could have delineated the gradual deflection of Lydia's love for the first to the second doll, and made it coherent. She could have given us a logical contrast between the ardour of the sixteen-year-old love and the maturer selection of twenty-three. It is conceivable that Lydia might have deserted the husband of her girl-love—and her child—for Pelham under the spell of some neurotic infatuation. But Lydia is not neurotic. She is presented as a natural, warm-hearted mother-woman. Victoria Cross can tell a plain love story about as well as any other living lady writer; but this essay in the problematic is an entire failure, and, incidentally, it is a very bad libel on her sex to represent so cheaply and so vilely the durability of the affections of the average wife and mother.

Mr. Hooper's Home of Rest

Jamaica

Mr. John Henderson's charming book, *Jamaica* (A. and C. Black: 6*s.*), with paintings by Mr. A. S. Forrest, is particularly interesting at the present moment, when Nature has made that island so terribly topical. So vivid and so bewitching a picture does the author give us of the life and manners of the island, that the reader feels that one earthquake is not too harsh a price for its natives to have paid for life in the Queen of the Antilles.

> Its name (he says) should be God's Island. Its beauty cannot be translated by art or word or music. It is a dreamland and a land of dreams. . . . Jamaica was created by Providence to show mankind something of the meaning of beauty. It was to stand as an explanation of Eden—a glimpse of Paradise.

All, of course, written *before* the episode of the week before last.

The Smart Set and the T.B.C.

To subscribe to the "*Times* Book Club" is, I am socially abjured to remember, positively the *only* smart method of book-borrowing now in vogue. There is, as a lady subscriber put it to me, "something so deliciously illicit about it." Whereas your patron of older-fashioned libraries handles a volume legitimately acquired from the publisher, on humdrum terms of trade discount, the T.B.C. decadent, toying with a new book, is fingering a thing of mystery, a trophy of romance. How, he delightedly asks himself, did it get here? What black arts have not been dispensed in its obtainment! Through what dark and devious byways has it travelled from the publisher's packing-room to Mr. Hooper's Oxford Street haven? A new book which bears the stamp of the T.B.C., bears the hall-mark of questionable origin, and is it surprising, therefore, that the Smart Set, ever in quest of the slightly disreputable, should be loyally abiding by Printing House Square? The fact that *Truth* has been going into the matter, and that it has discovered that the *Times* has been employing mysterious agents, who give strange orders to the publishers for books for alleged Continental buyers, the said books, ultimately, being found at the Oxford Street library, matters but little. It is "rather sport" to be reading a novel which has, possibly, made quite a Continental tour before reaching one's hands, or which has, perhaps, been purchased by some spectacled Oriental or pig-tailed Chinaman, and positively smuggled into one's possession.

Book Warriors at Peace

Apropos Mr. Hooper, a photograph appears below of the country seat of him whom a contemporary has invested with the title "Prince of Wiles." I have little doubt that, in its quiet and contemplative precincts, the genial promoter of the "Encyclopædia" and the Book Club has thought out many a 'cute notion, and drafted numbers of those naïve letters and circulars with which, alas, we are too familiar. Close to the house, by the way, is the Home of Rest of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, and I understand that the neighbours live together in peace and amity. But, then, it could scarcely be otherwise, for what more gratifying to the eye of the one than the spectacle of the other —at rest?

V. C.

"The Kinsman"

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new novel is the farcical story of a rich man and his "double." It is treated humorously throughout. The complications that arise depend chiefly on one man being a gentleman and the other an ill-educated Cockney clerk. Each man finds himself by turn in the other's shoes, and puzzles his surroundings by his unexpected speech and ways. There are eight charming illustrations by Mr. C. E. Brock. Published by Methuen: 6*s.*

Photo *Newman*

The "Times" Book Club manager's cosy little den at Abbot's Hill, near King's Langley

In these quiet precincts, Mr. Hooper thinks out many a live notion for the promotion of his enterprises. Closely adjoining it is the Home of Rest of the Booksellers' Provident Institution!

"The Winter of Our Discontent"

Cold weather of the British type is of very little use to anybody for purposes of recreation. It puts a stop to the games and pastimes in which we ordinarily indulge, and compels us to fly to others which we can only pretend to enjoy. I defy anyone to enjoy skating, tobogganing, or any other of those delightful recreations which are associated with the name of King Frost, in weather like that which we experienced last week. And when one of these "cold snaps" comes along, it only serves to make the reading of the meteorological reports from Switzerland more tantalising. "*Davos: very fine; calm; Temperature, 5.*" That's the kind of thing *we* want, and never get. Either it's fog or else it's wind, and both are colder than ever so many degrees of frost. "Skating?" Bah! Who said "Bridge"?

The Winter Proper

Or, failing that, let us see what they have been doing at places where the Clerk of the Weather really understands his business. The International Bobsleigh Race at Davos for the Manchester Bowl has not yet reached the limit of its popularity. The entries this year totalled twenty-three—two more than last year. There were two races, the first being declared void, owing to the fact that no bob got down within the time-limit of 6 min. 45 sec. For the second, the Klosters Course had been got into much better order, and some fast times were done. "Pegasus," the holder, was unlucky on this occasion, for it left its brakesman, Captain Jervis, behind at the elbow corner, and time was lost while he was running to regain his place; but the honour of England was worthily upheld by "Union Jack," which secured first place, in spite of a fall at the last corner, in the good time of 5 min. 32 sec. Its crew consisted of C. Martin (steerer), the Hon. Jean Bruce, Miss J. Martin, and C. Demmer (brakesman). "Scarlet Runner," another English representative, was second, 4 sec. behind the winner, and "Anne Marie," winner of the Schatz Alp Road Championship, third. The Symons' Shield was won, for the second year in succession, by T. L. Allemann, in 5 min. 39 sec.

Ski-ing at Davos

The Swiss Ski Association held their third annual meeting at Davos in the middle of the month. It was not an unqualified success, and there was some grumbling at the course chosen for the long-distance race, which provided a test of endurance rather than of skill. It was really mountaineering on

The Western Counties' Hockey Tournament at Weston-super-Mare: The Gloucestershire team, the winners

The Western Counties' Hockey Tournament took place at Weston-super-Mare last week, and the Gloucestershire team were successful in winning all their matches but one, and thereby gained first place in the tournament

Hockey: Surrey beat Middlesex on January 23 by 5 goals to 2
A shot by Shoveller, who scored two of the winners' goals in the second half

ski, which is all very well in its way; but it is not ski-running proper. The only Englishman entered was C. W. Richardson, who was well in the running at the top of the ascent, but cut his toe-strap on the descent, which lay principally among rocks. The senior and junior races were won respectively by Messrs. Pfeiffer and Brusch (both from the Engadine), and the renowned Grindelwald guide, Steuri, won the guides' race. The course for the jumping competition was also not very satisfactory, for the take-off was difficult and long jumps were impossible; but suitable hills for jumping are not plentiful near Davos. There were four Norwegians present, but they did not actually compete, although they gave a beautiful exhibition of their skill. After them the best form was shown by Capiti, of St. Moritz.

Some Rugger Records

The table of Rugby Club records calculated to Jan. 21, and published in the *Sportsman* by that most accurate of statisticians, "Wanderer," shows that some of the teams, which are not ordinarily reckoned first-class, have been doing very well. The Civil Service first fifteen, for instance, have only been beaten twice in thirteen matches, and the London Hospital have eleven wins and one draw to their credit as against three defeats. The Old Whitgiftians have also only been beaten thrice, and the Customs Sports team only once. Of the front-rankers, on the other hand, Richmond have only achieved one win and one draw in fifteen games; Blackheath have won ten, drawn two, and lost six; the Harlequins have won nine and lost seven; while the Scottish come out best of the Metropolitan teams with eleven wins, one draw, and three losses. The Old Alleynians, with eleven wins (one against the Scottish) and four defeats, have also done well. Apparently, the only club in the kingdom with an absolutely clean slate is Swansea, with sixteen wins and three draws out of nineteen games.

Hardy Hockey Players

In spite of the frozen condition of the ground, the return match between Middlesex and Surrey duly came off at Richmond last Wednesday, and the play, under the circumstances, was surprisingly good. Surrey, with practically their full team, bar Jordan, won by 5—2, and so avenged their previous defeat when not so strongly represented. They were "two up at the turn," but then the Middlesex forward line, which had not been going well, was rearranged with good effect, and towards the close Surrey were only leading by 3—2, but they finished strongly with a couple more goals, hit by Burge (who was quite a success in Jordan's place) and Shoveller. The Surrey halves showed capital form, and J. A. Tulk, rightly thinking that the ordinary hockey boots were unsuited to the hard ground, scored distinctly by playing in rubber soles.

Winter Lawn Tennis

I happened to be at Queen's Club last week while the brothers R. F. and H. L. Doherty were having a Single on the new covered lawn-tennis court. It was, of course, only a practice game, but there was no slackness about it. Both were following up their services and going at full pressure, and with the exception that "H. L." was not bringing off his first service as often as usual, the play of both was very fine. Nor did there seem to be much between them, although, as a matter of fact, "H. L." was the winner, and I hope that when the summer comes round we shall hear no more of their rumoured intention to retire. "H. L." is going to the Riviera tournaments, where his most formidable opponents will probably be M. J. G. Ritchie and A. F. Wilding, who is coming back from New Zealand for the season. "R. F.," I understand, is not going to the South of France, while of the several English ladies who are going out the best will probably be Miss Eastlake Smith.

"TWOPENCE, PLEASE!"

If you want to insure yourself against the risk of accident while travelling over any Railway Companies' lines, for a *single* journey you pay twopence for an insurance of £1,000. For sixpence you receive THE BYSTANDER, you are insured for £2,000 for accidents on land and £1,000 for accidents at sea. Study our Coupon on Page ii of cover.

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Mr. Douglas Miller

Before proceeding to discuss the motor topics of the week, I crave the reader's indulgence for a moment on a matter that is of somewhat a personal nature. It will have been noticed that for the last three weeks the name of Mr. Douglas Miller has not graced the heading to our motoring pages. I had hoped that Mr. Miller, who is well known to thousands of motorists as "Pelleas" of our contemporary, the *Referee*, would have resumed his control of these pages again by now, a duty he had to relinquish, temporarily, owing to indisposition. Unfortunately, Mr. Miller has found that his many important calls have assumed such proportions that he feels he cannot conscientiously give the time that the consideration of this column necessitates. I am very sorry; but my sorrow is to this extent ameliorated, that my friend Mr. Miller will find time to write the personal note regarding our "Car-icature" each week—a feature which will continue, I hope, for some time—and has also promised, now and again, to contribute special articles on motoring. So we may say, honestly, that he is still a member of THE BYSTANDER staff.

Car-icatures.—No. XI.: Captain H. H. P. Deasy

Captain Deasy is an Irishman, a soldier, and an explorer, as well as an intrepid motorist. He has served with distinction in the 16th Lancers, and has travelled in Tibet and Central Asia

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

The Olympia Show

The subject of the annual Motor Show crops up nearly—I only say *nearly*—as often as the information Mr. Edge favours us with respecting the ubiquitous Mr. Glidden and his Round-the-World tour. Because more firms require space for Olympia than that edifice is able to provide, there is, naturally, heart-burning on the part of those who have been, for some reason or another, squeezed out. This element is, moreover, supported by several important firms who feel that not only is the space allotted to them inadequate (how hard it is to please some people!), but that the attention of the public is diverted from their own unequalled wares to the "freak" and "untried" cars that are so plentifully bestrewn over the acres covered by Olympia's roof.

An Exhibition Test

There is, consequently, a movement on foot to induce the Society of Motor Manufacturers to impose a test on the cars before allotting them space. A 4,000 miles' road test is suggested, which at first sight seems reasonable, but after consideration loses something of its glamour. The cost of preparing and showing models for Olympia already runs the manufacturer into thousands of pounds, and partakes, even when the models are saleable, rather of the nature of a speculation. On the top of this, a 4,000 miles' reliability trial, "under rules to be arranged by the Society," will limit the exhibition to the firms with the longest purse. Nor must it be overlooked that the "freak" car of to-day not infrequently becomes the successful and reliable car of to-morrow. A member of a leading firm belonging to the Society, who talked over the subject with me, declared that any such attempt would, in his opinion, result in the majority of the bondholders declining to renew the contract which binds them only to exhibit at Olympia. It is difficult to know whether this scheme originated from 119, Piccadilly or not; and some of us would be *rather* interested to know.

* * *

A Van Hooligan Convicted

Bravo, Colonel Bosworth and Mr. Stenson Cooke! It gave me great joy, the other day, to read the report of a case heard by Mr. Curtis Bennett at Westminster. A van hooligan, driving along Pont Street—in the middle of the road, of course—refused to allow a car belonging to Colonel Wyllie, C.B., from passing him. The gallant Colonel's chauffeur sounded his horn, and promptly our friend, true to his kidney, swerved to the right. He kept up his pleasing little game of "nursing" the car, and his joy knew no bounds when the chauffeur had to force on his brakes to avoid what would have been a nasty collision. His language, when he found that even the *motorist* will turn, was more expressive than polite, but he assumed an air of injured innocence when up before

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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To Lovers of their Gardens

You cannot do better than consult our Illustrated Guide for Amateur Gardeners, Spring, 1907, 164 4to pp. 154 illustrations, 2 coloured plates, and many cultural hints.

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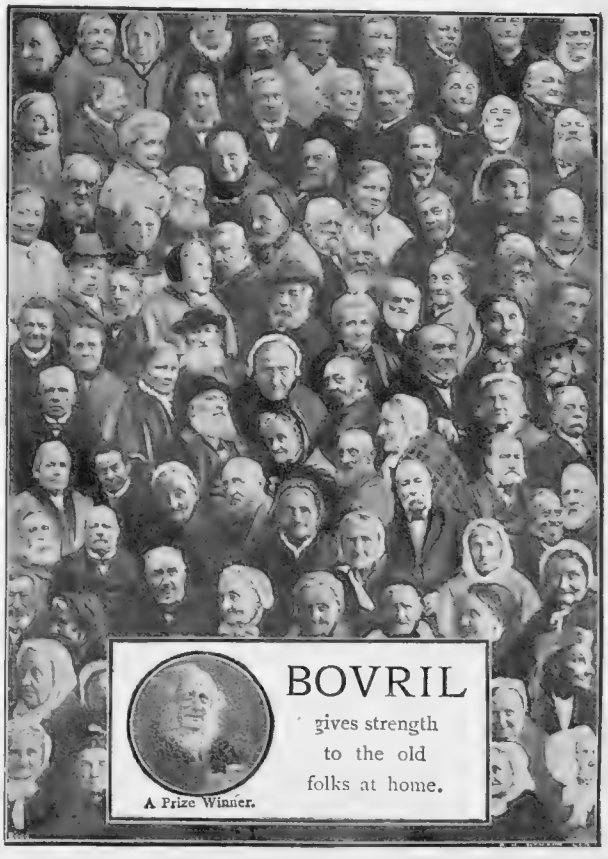

For use in Buenos Ayres

A motor-van which has just been sent by the Argyll Company to Buenos Ayres, where British vehicles are now in great demand

the "beak" on a charge of wilful obstruction. This gentleman was fined 20*s.* and costs, or seven days. I believe I am right in stating that this is the first prosecution of this nature, and let us hope it will be a warning to van-drivers, who seem to consider that a motor is a public enemy, and that they may indulge in any tactics, even to endangering life, in order to harass and annoy them. The prosecution, which was conducted by Earl Russell on behalf of the Automobile Association and Colonel Wyllie, is to be heartily congratulated. I only hope that before long every van-driver who obstructs the public highway by driving along the middle of the road will be punished by the authorities. Such men are public nuisances, but when, of course, they pursue the evil tenour of their way wilfully, it is adding insult to injury, and for the benefit of the public at large should be sent to gaol without the option of a fine.

* * *

Rolls-Royce Defeats America

Messrs. C. S. Rolls and Royce must be proud men to-day. Their Rolls-Royce car is achieving wonderful records. Not content with his hollow win in the Tourist Trophy Race last September, Mr. C. S. Rolls has been carrying everything before him in America. At the races at Ormonde Beach, Florida, the following remarkable results were recorded :—

International Championship for Twenty Miles: 20 h.-p. Rolls-Royce, 23 mins.

Five Miles, All Classes: Rolls-Royce second.

Five Miles' World Championship: Rolls-Royce second, time, 4 mins. 52 secs. (record for cars under 40 h.-p.).

Flying Mile: Rolls-Royce second, leading all petrol cars by 500 yards.

This is something to boast about. Talking about the Rolls-Royce reminds me that, with reference to the discussion on the respective merits of the four-cylinder and six-cylinder, which is to take place on February 7, Mr. Claude Johnson, of the Rolls-Royce Co., 15, Conduit Street, asks me to say that any of our readers who would like to be taken for a test drive in a six-cylinder Rolls-Royce should communicate with him. C. B.

Captain H. H. P. Deasy

An Irishman, and proud of the fact, Captain Deasy shares to the full the genial characteristics of the sons of Erin. After serving with distinction in the 16th Lancers, the subject of this week's BYSTANDER Car-icature travelled extensively in Tibet and Western Asia, meeting with many stirring experiences in these out-of-the-way places.

Turning his attention to automobilism on his return to civilisation, Captain Deasy was one of the early members of the A.C.G.B. and I., and has served on the committee of the governing body for the past three years. Inheriting a remarkably judicial mind—his father was a Lord Justice of Appeal in the Irish Courts—Captain Deasy's opinions and criticisms have, at all times, commanded great respect from his motoring *confrères* and the public generally. In 1903 Captain Deasy drove a 14 h.-p. Martini Car to the summit of the Rochers de Naye, in Switzerland, and has since signalised his accession to the ranks of automobilism by many difficult driving feats. Recently, the Deasy car has been brought out under the Captain's auspices, and, as an "all-British" product, has earned high encomiums from all who have been privileged to sample its merits. DOUGLAS MILLER.

* * *

Miscellanea

Among the distinguished persons who have ordered Daimler cars recently are Prince Colonna and Prince Antuni, who have ordered 30 h.-p. Evesham Limousines; Viscount Kelburne and Lord Hawke, who have ordered 28 h.-p. chassis; Countess Hollander and Lord Mostyn a 30 h.-p. chassis.—The Car Insurance Corporation, in view of the new Workmen's Compensation Act, which shortly comes into force, are insuring chauffeurs against the necessary risks for 15*s.*; domestic servants, 2*s.* 6*d.*; gamekeepers, 10*s.* Apply to their agent, Mr. J. E. Anderson, 126, Elm Park Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.—We are publishing a photo of a "cow-catcher" for London cars. What next?—After the above, read this: During the months of August and September, in the Metropolitan area, three deaths only were caused by motors and electric trams, while fatal accidents due to horse-drawn vehicles amounted to forty-five.

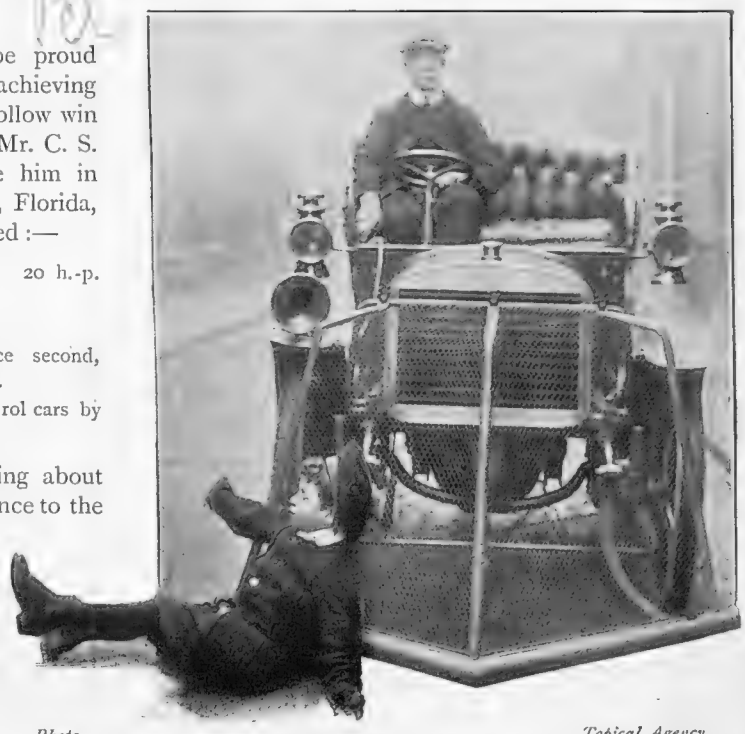

Photo *Topical Agency*

A "cow-catcher" for motors

Note the phlegmatic expression of the driver, and the happy smile of the victim

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SAM FAY, *General Manager.*

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"Tidying Up"

During the winter the gardener usually finds time "to tidy up the shrubbery," as he expresses it. This operation, if it is permitted, is as painful to watch as tidying up the borders. It consists, firstly, in clearing away all fallen leaves, and, secondly, in turning over all the soil between the shrubs. The mischief which a single able-bodied man can do in this way in the course of a day's work is incalculable. When trees and shrubs have occupied the same positions for a number of years, the ground around them becomes densely matted with roots, and many must be destroyed by digging. Nor is this all. The leaves serve two useful purposes. They form a protective covering, which, according to its thickness, is more or less impervious to frost, and under it, when all else is frozen hard, the soil lies soft and comparatively warm, as the blackbirds and thrushes know, for the perpetual rustling means that they are scratching among the fallen leaves for the insects that have taken shelter underneath. To remove this covering is to expose the roots, lying, as they do, close to the surface, to the risk of injury by frost, to say nothing about the effects of drought in summer.

Healthy Shrubs

Of course, where shrubs are grown in isolated positions near the house, as shown in the photograph of the quaint old-world lawn at Gwydyr Castle, the leaves that fall must be removed occasionally, but, in that case, rich soil or some other fertiliser should be substituted for them. It requires very careful management to keep in perfect health shrubs which are cut hard every year and never allowed to make their natural growth. They are necessarily weakened by the frequent use of the shears, and unless their vigour is maintained by feeding a branch here and there, especially at the base, is sure to fail, and that spoils their shape. In the shrubbery such failures are less noticeable, as the conditions of growth are more natural. The warm covering of leaves should be allowed to remain, if only for the sake of the bulbs which should fill the thinner parts of the shrubbery and the bays at its outskirts. Under such conditions, daffodils and others that flower in early Spring are sure to thrive, while lilies never do so well as when they are slightly shaded in summer.

RUSTICUS.

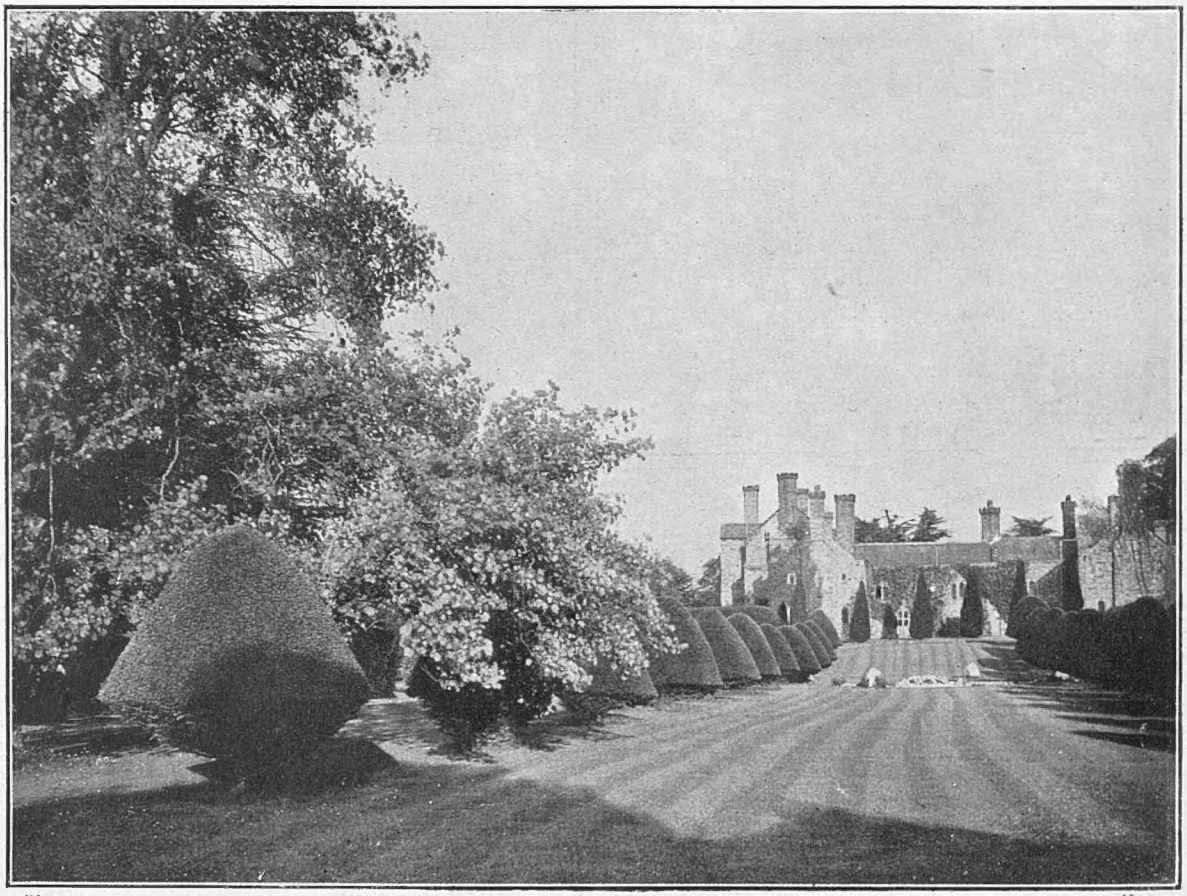

Photo *Keene*

The old-world lawn at Gwydyr Castle, Lord Carrington's beautiful North Wales seat

Showing the neat and carefully kept shrubbery, which adds so much to the picturesqueness of the scene

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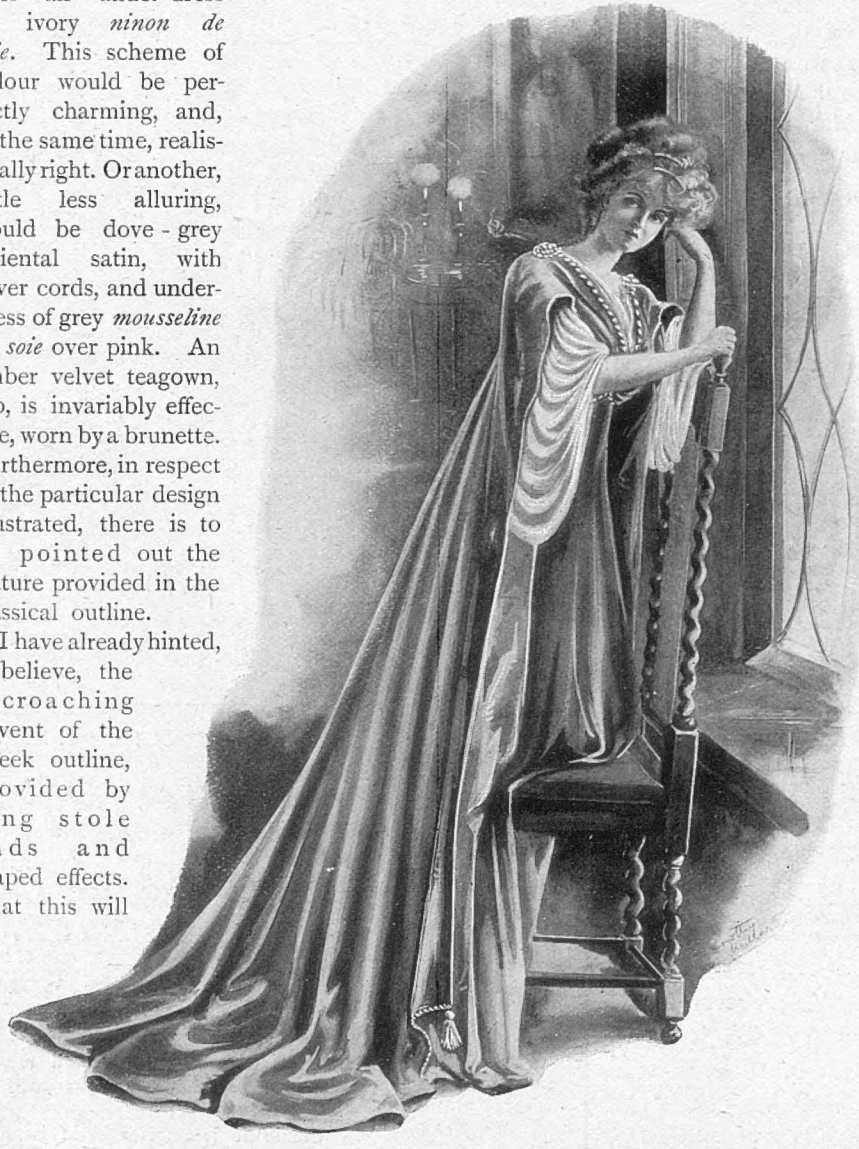
By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Claims of the Teagown

Of teagowns we can talk about all the time, although the immediate moment appeals as particularly apropos. As the tomato stands to the culinary art, so does the teagown to the modiste. They are both evidences of poesy; and, curiously enough, this train of thought leads me to suggest a delicate shade of tomato velvet for the original design proffered by our artist, supplemented with dull gold cords, falling over an under-dress of ivory *ninon de soie*. This scheme of colour would be perfectly charming, and, at the same time, realistically right. Or another, little less alluring, would be dove-grey Oriental satin, with silver cords, and under-dress of grey *mousseline de soie* over pink. An amber velvet teagown, too, is invariably effective, worn by a brunette. Furthermore, in respect of the particular design illustrated, there is to be pointed out the feature provided in the classical outline.

I have already hinted, I believe, the encroaching advent of the Greek outline, provided by long stole ends and draped effects. That this will ultimately pervade realms other than the teagown is pretty well a foregone conclusion, but for the moment the tea gown suffices. One has only to recall the stereotyped, ready-made model, overburdened with frills and furbelows and cheap lace, to recognise the splendid artistic value of such a studiously beautiful design as is pictured. The scope privileged by these classical seductions is quite extraordinarily wide. The skilled eye, indeed, will see a number of variations to be played on one simple model, introducing, for instance, a wide draped armhole instead of long wing sleeves. An embroidery, again, about the edge is clearly justifiable to those who crave some semblance of the ornate, a key-pattern effected in fine gold thread or boldly patterned lace, or, perhaps, a narrow hem of fur. At the same time, if you desire my own private and particular predilection, I should say leave the outline undisturbed, for therein lies the *chic*, hallowed by artistic tradition.



The reappearance of the classical teagown
An artistic design in tomato-red velvet
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Incidentally, also, I am persuaded to point out the adaptability of such a model to the averagely intelligent small dressmaker or sewing-maid. In saying which, I concede much, for fingers not strictly skilled in the sartorial art have ever received small shrift at my hands.

Three-Quarter Sleeves and the "Collante" Skirt

The commencement of my raid on the short elbow sleeve is now rapidly becoming an old story. Apparently, however, I am in sympathy with quite a number of authorities who are tired unto death of forcing